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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

November

15c

in Canada

Anna Sten

Charles Sheldon

Anna Sten—Actress and Woman!

No More Splurging! Say Hollywood Stars



STARVING...yet they Dreaded the coming of the *FOOD SHIP*

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds *are* caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all; the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus



and visible bacteria should take place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

"The daily use of a mouth-wash," says one eminent authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years."

For oral hygiene, Listerine is ideal—so considered for more than fifty years both by the medical profession and the laity. It possesses that rare combination absent in so many mouth washes—adequate germ killing power plus complete safety. And of all mouth washes, it has the pleasantest taste.

Numerous tests under medical supervision have shown that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it.

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. S-11, St. Louis, Missouri.

For Colds and Sore Throat... LISTERINE... The Safe Antiseptic



Isn't it a Shame?

Graceful girl... lovely manners... but her teeth are dingy, her gums tender!



Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
 ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM



SHE'S as gracious as she is graceful. She is intelligent...friendly. It's just too bad that the shadow of neglected teeth makes most people overlook her natural charm.

Yet sympathy is really misplaced. She ought to know better. The "pink" that appears on her tooth brush and dims the natural lustre of her teeth ought to warn her that *brushing the teeth is not enough*. Those tender gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea, may be just around the corner.

IPANA is needed

Modern soft foods that give our gums no work or stimulation are often responsible for our gum troubles. But in spite of our daily menus—it is possible to have sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

Ipana and massage is the way. Clean your teeth with Ipana twice a day. And after each brushing, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums with your fingertip or brush. The massage and the ziratol in Ipana help tone and fortify the

gum walls. Start with Ipana today and keep "pink tooth brush" out of your life.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVES. — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. O-114
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.



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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

November, 1934

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXX, No. 1

Watch for Our Cover Girl Prize Contests!

BEGINNING with the next issue, SCREENLAND will present a grand new, brand new idea in star contests! The month's Cover Girl will offer prizes to you for clever descriptive slogans.

Myrna Loy, subject of the beautiful portrait by Charles Sheldon on our next cover, will invite you to participate in her own contest. Then, the month after, another lovely Cover Girl will offer *her* contest. You'll enjoy this contact with your screen favorites, and you will be entertained by the opportunity to present your own expression of the star's particular appeal. Remember, only in SCREENLAND will you find Cover Girl Prize Contests! New, different, entertaining! Watch for the first, next month!

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Norma Shearer. *Personally Autographed Portrait*. Dreamer! *Leslie Howard*. Doer! *James Cagney*. Two Hearts That Dance To Waltz Time! *Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald*. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month. *Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter in "Broadway Bill"*. Baby Bernhardt Goes Native! *Shirley Temple*. Welcome Home, Helen! *Helen Hayes*. Box-Office Bill! *Will Rogers*. The Movie Camera Looks at Love! *Fay Wray, Joel McCrea, Una Merkel, Stuart Erwin, Miriam Hopkins, Herbert Marshall, Greta Garbo, Robert Montgomery, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Boles, Irene Dunne, Marian Marsh, Eddie Nugent, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, James Dunn, Jean Parker, Alice Brady, Fred Astaire*. Rivals? Rot! Says Gable. *Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery*. Here's Hull! *Henry Hull*. Here's Hamilton! *Neil Hamilton*. Vision of Virginia! *Virginia Bruce*. Study of a Slavic Siren! *Anna Sten*.

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Cover Portrait of Anna Sten by Charles Sheldon

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WITH A WALTZ IN YOUR HEART

Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".

In the hush of a lilac-perfumed night to the soft sobbing of gypsy violins . . . they danced the dance of love . . . the "Merry Widow Waltz".

MAURICE
CHEVALIER
JEANETTE
MacDONALD

an **ERNST LUBITSCH** Production
THE

Merry Widow

with

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL
GEORGE BARBIER . . . MINNA GOMBELL
Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



One
More
River
Uni-
versal

An exceptionally fine picture, one that has certain appeal for every grown-up—Galsworthy's novel dealing with English divorce laws is not, of course, for juveniles. Diana Wynyard appears as the wife who leaves her brutal husband, who then asks for divorce, charging her with unfaithfulness. Beautifully staged, and superbly acted by Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton, Colin Clive and others in a superlative cast.



The Girl
From
Missouri
M-G-M

This was made to entertain you—and it does, with a fast-moving action story blending melodrama and broad comedy. Jean Harlow gives a sparkling performance as the girl who sets out to marry money, then falls in love, and fights back when the hero's father tries to "frame" her. Franchot Tone is the hero, and Lionel Barrymore the father—both acting at their best—with Patsy Kelly supplying laughs. Swell show!



Romance
In the
Rain
Uni-
versal

All the hokum that could be attached to love and a "Cinderella story" are injected into this picture, but it is so finely done that the results are highly worth your while. The hero is a press-agent who ballyhoos a girl to wealth and fame; then he almost loses her. But the publicity chap is too smart for his rival and wins out. Roger Pryor, Heather Angel and Victor Moore will wow you. Go and have a good time.



The
Dragon
Murder
Case
Warners

Philo Vance again, and up to his usual tricks. The title comes from a fiction that a swimming pool, at the estate where an eccentric old chap entertains many guests, is haunted by a dragon. And the dragon is blamed for the murder, but Warren William as Vance knows better, and proves it. It is the usual thing, made fair entertainment by William, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot, and others in the cast.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 54-55



Crime
Without
Passion
Para-
mount

If you prefer realism to spectacular settings, dynamic story treatment to mere "atmosphere," here is your picture—the first production from the Hecht-MacArthur combination, and a film you must see if you're really interested in good cinema. Claude Rains as the criminal lawyer who is undone by his own cleverness, Margot, (especially Margot), and Whitney Bourne, are marvelously realistic. We repeat, see it!



Adven-
ture
Girl
RKO-
Radio

A camera record in which Joan Lowell seeks to prove that she is no story-book sailor as critics of her book, "Cradle of the Deep," declared. However, the thrill exploits seem as fabulous in films as they did in the printed word. Nevertheless, fine camera work reveals storms at sea, some interesting wild life of Guatamala, and extraordinary Mayan ruins. It's good, if you go for travel films in a big way.



Hide-
Out
M-G-M

This is melodrama cut to the "Turn to the Right" pattern, with Robert Montgomery starring as the city racketeer who finds regeneration and love on the farm. After a somewhat hesitant start it develops into a highly effective, wholesome and ingratiating little romance that you'll find mighty satisfying entertainment. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold, and Elizabeth Patterson are notables of a swell cast.

Handy
Andy
Fox



A Will Rogers picture is like the boy's idea of apple pie—the one you're eating is the best ever made. So "Handy Andy" is Rogers' best. He appears as a lovable druggist, who sells his store to please his wife, and then in a hilarious sequence at the New Orleans Mardi Gras proves to her it's better for him to go back to work. Peggy Wood is ever so charming as the wife, and Mary Carlisle engaging as the daughter.

Kansas
City
Princess
Warners



Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, and Robert Armstrong struggle to lift this story out of the rut, and they almost succeed. It is all about a manicurist who is loved by a gunman. She loses the ring he gives her and in a rage causes her to flee—the escape is to an ocean steamer where the manicurist and her girl chum get into many complications with a millionaire passenger. Joan and Glenda make it worth seeing.



The
Human
Side
Uni-
versal

Naturalness is the principal joy offered here. It's the story of what might occur to any man, wife, and children who love each other despite divorce which separates the parents. Adolphe Menjou, as the improvident husband, and Doris Kenyon as the wife are believable and therefore excellent. You'll enjoy the struggles and eventual reunion of this interesting, fate-parted family. You'll also like the play's heart appeal.



You
Belong
to Me
Uni-
versal

You should see this, and for many reasons. It's great entertainment, dealing with backstage vaudeville life, with a widowed actress, mother of a boy, marrying again. The second husband is a "bad egg," but Lee Tracy is the Good Samaritan who helps things to a happy conclusion. Tracy is excellent. David Jack Holt is a boy actor who will be a rival to Shirley Temple; and Helen Mack and Helen Morgan also triumph.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

U. B. C. That pretty little British star, Heather Angel was born in Oxford, England, on February 9, 1909. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 105 pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes. Heather is becoming more popular with each picture, so keep your eye on her, for she's going places. She was featured with Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square," played with Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," and in "Springtime for Henry" with Otto Kruger. Yes, you're right; it was Ralf Harolde you saw in "I'm No Angel" with Mae West. Edward Robinson appeared in "Smart Money."

Marge. Where have you been not to see all the stories that have been written about your favorite, Katharine Hepburn? Her latest film is "Spitfire" and the forthcoming one, "The Little Minister." Gene Raymond was born August 13, 1908, in New York City. George Brent was born in Dublin, Ireland, on March 15, 1904. He has hazel eyes, black hair, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, and weighs 170 pounds. Mr. Brent is no longer Mr. Ruth Chatterton.

H. F. F. To give a list of all the pictures several of the stars have appeared in for the past few years is quite a large order, but here are the films that Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery have been co-featured in: "Private Lives," "Their Own Desires," "Strangers May Kiss," "The Divorcee" and "Riptide." Joan Blondell's pictures have included "Blonde Crazy," "Night Nurse," "Public Enemy," "The Crowd Roars," "Union Depot," "The Ferguson Case," "Miss Pinkerton," "Big City Blues," "Three on a Match," "Central Park," "Blondie Johnson," "Broadway Bad," "Footlight Parade," "He Was Her Man," "Smarty," "Dames," and "Kansas City Princess."

Miss E. P. Claudette Colbert is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 103 pounds; Miriam Hopkins is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Jean Parker weighs 105 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Norma Shearer is 5 feet 3 inches and weighs 118 pounds. Frances Dee is 5 feet 3 inches and weighs 108 pounds. And that's a weight off my mind!



Jean Parker's "furry friend" is a baby leopard born during the filming of her new picture, a nature story of wild game in California.

Mrs. E. A. T. Lanny Ross has been singing his way through life since he was a lad of seven. He sang in the boys' choir at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, and when about fourteen years of age he entered the Taft School for Boys at Watertown, Conn. From the Taft school he went to Yale, having in mind the law profession. He wanted to take his law course at Columbia but lack of funds prevented, so he turned to singing on the air. By the time he received his degree at Columbia he was earning more than \$25,000 a year. He has made several "shorts" before his first full-length feature on the screen, and no doubt you have reference to those. His first starring picture was "Melody in Spring." He is now working on "College Rhythm" with Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, and Lyda Roberti.

Bill H. Sorry I cannot give you the name of the song you ask for in "Song of Songs" but if you'll write the Paramount Publicity Dept. and make your request you may get the information. "A Tale of Two Cities" has not yet been filmed with Warner Baxter—shelved, no doubt, for the time. His latest releases are "Stand Up and Cheer," "Such Women are Dangerous," and "Grand Canary." His next on schedule is "Broadway Bill" with Myrna Loy, Helen Vinson, Walter Connolly, Lynn Overman and thirty and more well-known players.

Miss Helene M. For a list of Joan Blondell's releases will you please read H. F. F. on this page? The rôle of the heavy in Mae West's "I'm No Angel" was played by Edward Arnold. He gave an unforgettable performance in "Sadie McKee" with Joan Crawford. And speaking of Shirley Temple, if you did, she goes right on making one good picture after another; her "Baby Take a Bow" wowed 'em and the box-offices bulged. Now comes her latest with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard, "Now and Forever."

Dolores P. I believe you have reference to Harold Huber who played the stool pigeon, Nunheim, in "The Thin Man" with William Powell. He also played the gangster, Leo, in "Hi Nellie" with Paul Muni. Mr. Huber is one of the more memorable movie menaces.



Radio's famous trio—the Pickens Sisters, Patti, Jane and Helen—who make their screen début in the short musical comedy picture, "Good Luck—Best Wishes," in which Patti, who is sixteen, (and sweet), has the leading rôle.

Salutes and Snubs



Hollywood wants to know your views! Put them on record here!

The first eight letters receive prizes of \$5.00 each

THE GREAT GLOOM CHASERS!

Every pest has an enemy to counteract it—even the Big Bad Blues! Hollywood has developed a particularly sparkling brand of gloom chasers. Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Una Merkel, Claire Trevor, Joan Blondell, have had a lot to do with sweetening up the world's disposition.

Mrs. F. D. McKinlay,
9709 47th Ave. S.W.,
Seattle, Wash.

CONVERTED BY SHIRLEY!

Though I have regularly attended movies for over twenty years, I have never before written a "fan letter," but Shirley Temple has made a fan mail writer out of me! Whenever I want a happy thought I close my eyes and see Shirley doing her dance.

Lotta Rose,
203 Avenue E. North,
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada.

HOME, HOME ON THE SCREEN!

Out here movie patrons are mostly

If you want to know exactly what is what, also who is who, in current cinema activities, listen to the voice of the Fans! Read what the highest authority has to say about pictures, stars and screen art, right here in the letters from the real bosses of the movies!

When you see the Salutes outnumber the Snubs by a great majority, you know that the pictures and the stars have been putting forth their very best recently, and that better times cinematically speaking are here—for which Hurrah!

This month the fans comment on a wide range of subjects, from discussion of the effect of talkies on the language of the land, to tips to producers on how to cast pictures—with raves for pictures and stars interspersed generously. Here's a movie fan who has been a picture-goer for twenty years and who here for the first time in her life writes a fan letter. Why? We'll give you three guesses, then read and you'll realize you needed only one.

If you are not a regular contributor to this department, start right now, and we'll wager you'll realize instantly that you have been missing a lot of fun by not having joined the merry party sooner. And, bear in mind, your letter may be judged one of the eight best, which means that you will receive a prize of \$5.00.

Write your letter now! Make it deal with a subject of general interest, restrict it to fifty words, and address it to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York City. Please don't ask that your letter be returned if it is not published, and don't enclose stamps for its return.

Chinese, Japanese, Polynesian, Filipino and half-castes of all descriptions. But we few Americans squeeze in to get the thrill of American scenes. A picture like "If I Had a Million," for example, was so homey, so typical of American people that I'm still homesick!

Charles M. Hatcher,
1548 Kewalo,
Honolulu, T. H.

Fans clamored for Harold Lloyd to give them a new picture and now they clamorously greet "The Cat's Paw."

SCREAMS FOR TEAMS!

Producers, listen!

Why not cast Fredric March and Katharine Hepburn together? Two of the best players in Hollywood together in one picture! What a show that would be! And how about Leslie Howard opposite Garbo? Maybe the glamorous Swede might do something to his British reserve!

Dorothy Miller,
Box 220 No. 2,
Warren, Mich.

BOON TO GOOD SPEECH!

Motion pictures are "standardizing" pronunciation and enunciation of English speech in America. Through pictures our national tongue is rapidly becoming a blend of all sectional accents. The Southern speech is losing some of its drawl; the Northern, some of its crispness. The result is a pleasing, clear diction, easily understood.

Katherine Wharton,
Readyville, Tenn.

HURRAH! HAROLD'S BACK!

Good times must be back again if Harold Lloyd is releasing a new picture! He is tonic for jaded nerves; and it's laughs in the old way that we need today. Please

(Continued on page 85)

*Hi America!...
Here he comes!*

**... IN WARNER BROS.'
WILDEST LAFF RIOT!**

Every lap a laff as the screen's ace comic sets the pace!... See him as the Adonis of the Arena—making chumps out of champs... a cycling cyclone of mirth—head over wheels in love with every gal in the grandstand!... It's an hysterical event!

**J
O
E
E.**

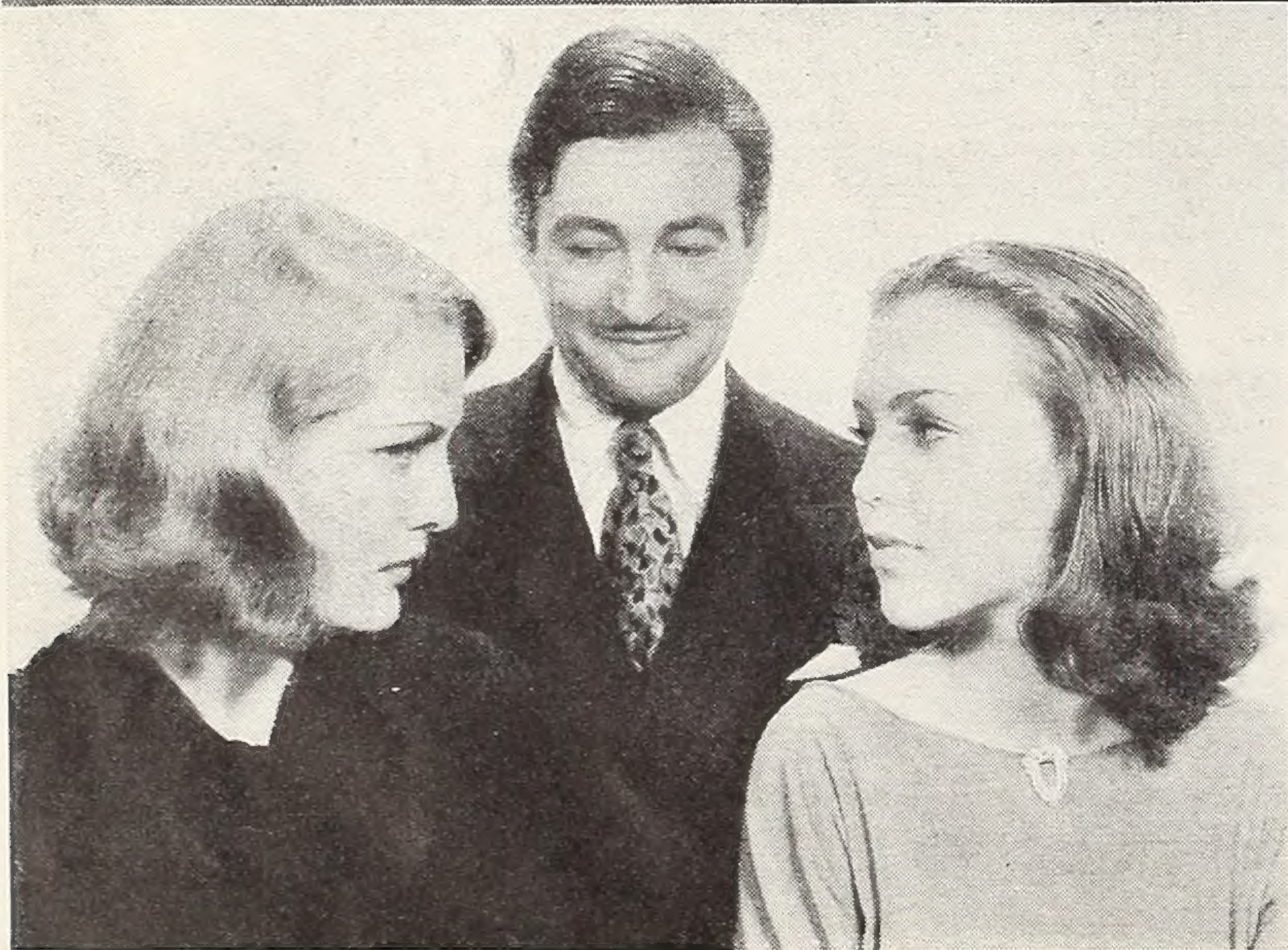
BROWN in

"6-DAY BIKE RIDER"

With Maxine Doyle • Frank McHugh • Gordon Westcott
Directed by Lloyd Bacon • A First National Picture

SCREENLAND

Honor Page



Meet the Amazing Margo!

IS MARGO, who captures our Honor Page this month, the screen discovery of the season? Only time can answer that question! But definitely established is the real distinction of the début performance of this dark-haired girl with the smouldering eyes, in the rôle of the tragic little night-club performer who is cast off by the brilliant lawyer in "Crime Without Passion," the Hecht-MacArthur drama, in which Margo, formerly known only as an interpreter of the dances of her native Spain, shares leading prominence with Claude Rains and Whitney Bourne, the latter also making a distinguished début. At the left is a scene showing this accomplished trio in a dramatic moment.

The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs*!

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

"'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"'LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippet. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP



She's Hollywood's grand "Lady for a Day" and every day! Above, May Robson sewing one of her sought-for ties.

Miss Robson serves her popular pickles! She loves outdoor dining. Right, below, a glimpse of her very colorful kitchen.



SCREENLAND takes you on informal, "different" visits to Hollywood's most charming homes! Here May Robson shares her secrets of hospitality

By Betty Boone

MAY ROBSON lives in a red-roofed white bungalow on a homey tree-shaded street where the neighbors all live in pretty bungalows, too, with strips of neat green lawn before their doors. Her house has iron grilles in the windows and yellow-painted window sills, and in a row outlining the entire front of the house are pots of rose-pink geraniums set as closely as possible.

There's a leather thong to be pulled instead of a doorbell to be pushed. ("That rings an old Mexican cowbell in the kitchen," explained Miss Robson, "We couldn't have a modern doorbell in a Spanish house!")

The entrance hall is L-shaped, and looks like a

conservatory because it is so filled with tall potted palms, cactus in variety, flowers, all kinds, from exotic blooms with long Latin names to huge Shasta daisies, growing in window boxes, in flower baskets, in green and yellow and orange pots.

Comfortable cushioned bamboo chairs and painted tables, little and big, are set in the base of the L, one side of which is all windows, looking out on a patio, an inner court surrounded by the walls of the house.

In one of the bamboo chairs, her soft white hair silhouetted against the window, sat Miss Robson, sewing on a man's silk tie.

"My dear, it wouldn't matter when you dropped in



here, you'd find me making Christmas ties!" she greeted me, "I begin on the first of January and I'm still doing it on the 31st of December. Look, these are all I have cut out now." She indicated a dozen stripes of silk crepe in varying hues, piled, not in a handsome work-box, but in a long suit-box lid. "My husband once said to me: 'I don't know why it is but I never can buy ties big enough for my neck!'"

"You can't?" I cried. "Well, I'll fix that!" So I began to make them myself and he liked them so well that he told other people, and here I am still making them for every man I know—if I like him well enough. You see, I put my name inside—"she exhibited a neatly printed label—"and between you and me, I think they just say they like the ties so they can hang 'May Robson' around their necks!"

All Hollywood knows that the jolliest holiday celebrations are held at "Muzzie May's," as her friends call Miss Robson, so I asked her about them.

"On Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's, we always have open house here and invite every boy and girl we know who happens to be living where it isn't possible to cook a big holiday dinner," she explained. "It's not charity, it's just a jollification for my friends. Last year there were eighty of them. From four till ten, we served dinner on little tables set all over the house and out in the patio—it was warm enough, remember? The boys washed dishes, whenever we needed clean plates, and after it was all over, and the girls put the things away, you never saw such a merrymaking!"

"I'm not a prohibitionist, but I'm for temperance. I never serve liquor, and the boys and girls know that, so they are prepared to drink tea or coffee, either hot or iced, hot chocolate, lemonade, ginger ale or orange juice. Then there's always plenty of milk on hand for the babies—there's always several babies!"

"We—when I say 'we' I mean my friend Lillian Harmer and I—she's been with me all these years—we order in turkeys, hams, spaghetti, bread and butter, pies and cakes and so on, and everyone comes to enjoy himself. We try to have the sort of holiday food that people expect. But there's one thing I serve that nobody else does, because they can't make 'em, and that's my famous fifteen minutes pickles. Wait—I want you to taste them!"

Maude, the cook, one broad, beaming dusky smile, brought in a dish of pickles and I tried one—and the pickle justified the smile.

"This is the way to make them," went on my hostess, her brown eyes dancing. "Put your cucumbers on ice for two hours before you begin, so that they will be crisp. Then you peel off part of peeling in strips, leaving alternate strips on, and cut them in slices one-quarter inch thick. Take some small pickling onions—if you can't get them small enough, cut them up in small pieces. Take a stalk of celery and cut into one inch pieces and a green pepper cut into small pieces. Put all these solids into your jar—I use a big bean pot myself, with a tightly fitting lid.

"Then I take 2 tablespoonsful of whole pickling spice—it must not be the ground kind—a quart of vinegar, 2 tablespoonsful of sugar and 1 tablespoonful of salt, (but leave the sugar and salt to taste, because some vinegar is very strong). Stir the liquid over the fire until it comes to a boil, then let it cool for 5 minutes, put it back until it boils again, then take it off and pour the liquid over the solids in the bean pot and put the lid on tight.

"It's the steam that cooks it, and takes the onion taste out of it, so that you can

(Continued on page 86)



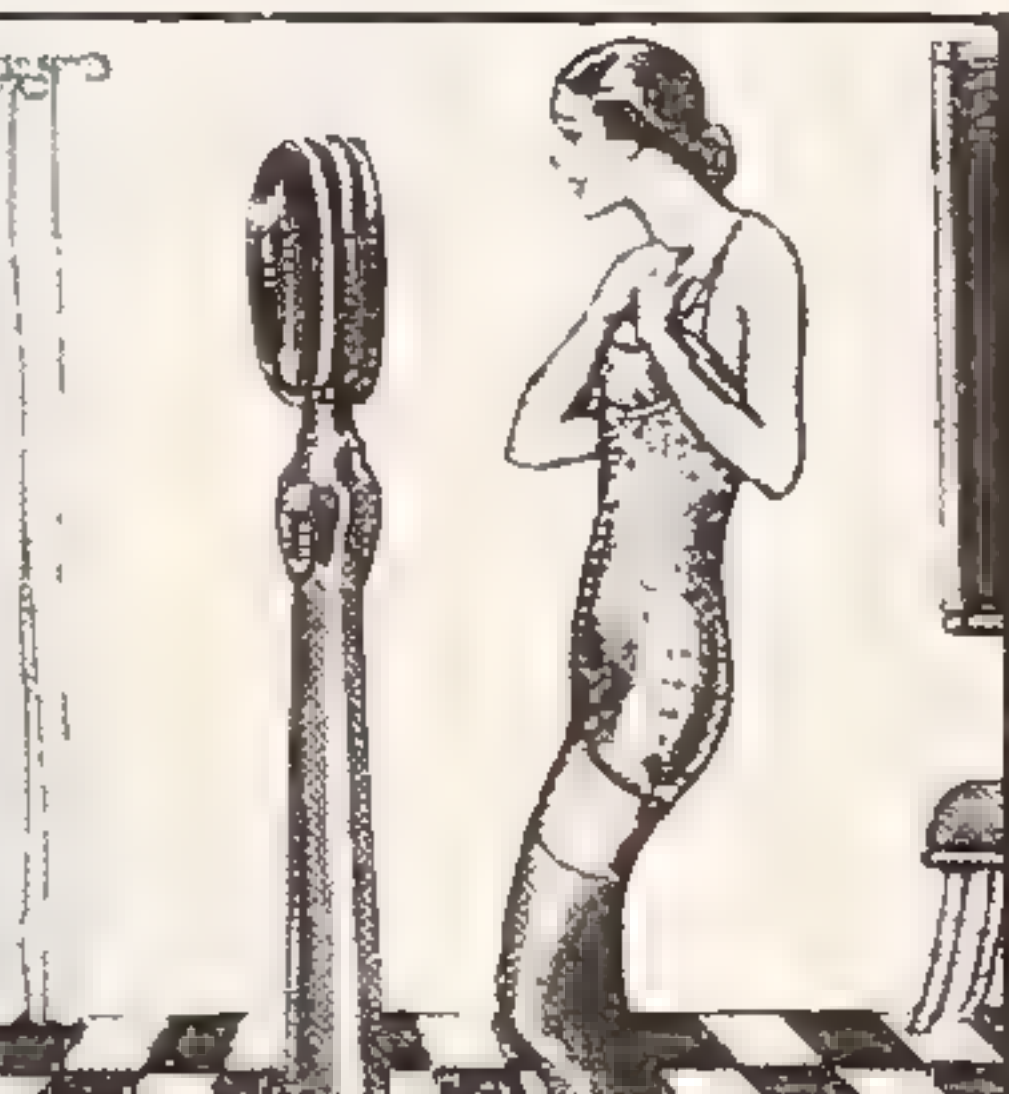
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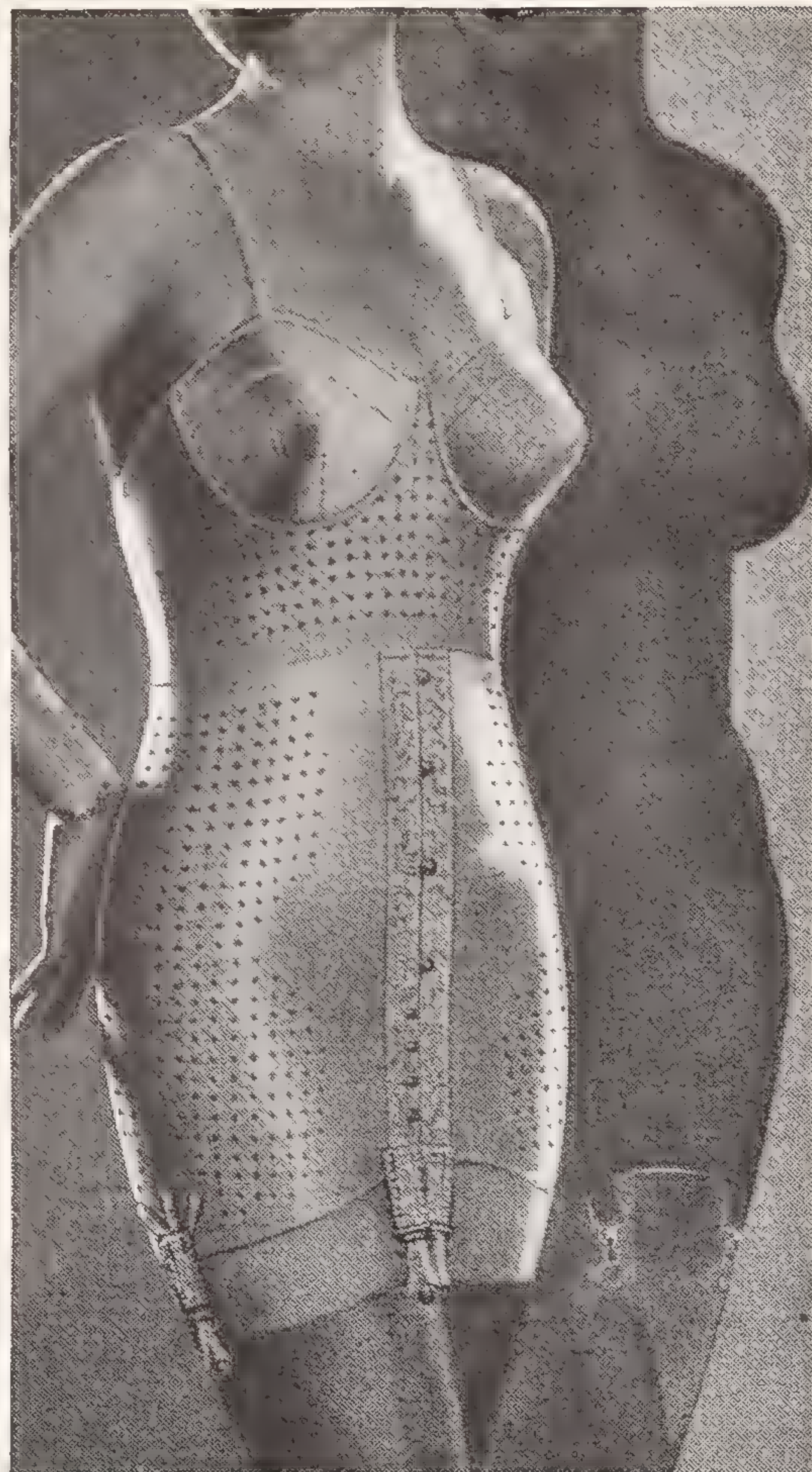
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INTERIOR DECORATION BY W. & J. SLOANE

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**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**

The Editor's Page.



The master scene-stealer, Baby LeRoy, shown here in various moods. He runs the gamut of emotions at the slightest provocation. But don't you love him?

An Open Letter to Baby LeRoy



The close-ups of the great actor reveal his inimitable ability. The picture in the center shows him at his favorite pastime, making W. C. Fields miserable.

**D E A R B A B Y
L E R O Y :**

Why don't you pick on somebody your own size?

First you terrorize poor W. C. Fields and make him so nervous he can hardly play in a scene with you. He never knows when you will tap him over the head with a rattle—or if there's no rattle handy, a hammer will do. The whole studio cringes when you come to work. They're all in your power. For a good reason, too.

With Garbo it's "I think I go home." With Hepburn it's haughty plane trips to New York. With Dietrich it's silence. But with you—what a weapon you have! With you it's tears. And when Baby LeRoy begins to cry, work stops, strong directors tear their hair, actors break down, and beautiful leading ladies sob in sympathy. You have them right where you want them and well you know it!

What a way to get actors upset! When you were cast in this new picture with Lee Tracy, maybe you had a few doubts that you would be able to hold your own as easily as you did with W. C. Fields—own up, now. So what did you do? You broke up Lee by bursting into tears whenever you had to do a scene together. Then, with Tracy all unstrung, you calmed down and stole the scene away from him.

Then Lee Tracy, I hear, made a face at you. Not that I blame him much. He had to defend himself somehow. Well, that was just what you wanted. You started crying all over again and put on such a



good act that production had to be held up, which gave you a chance to go home and think up new ways to worry people.

"Baby" LeRoy! Machiavelli-Svengali-von-Sternberg LeRoy would be more like it. What a brain, what an ambition, what a power! From the day you broke Maurice Chevalier's watch in "A Bedtime Story" you have swept

all before you. Of course, to be great one must be ruthless, and I suppose you realize this and consequently have no pity for your supporting cast. Chevalier has never seemed quite so gay and carefree to me since you stole his picture from him. Good old Bill Fields seems to have a hunted look. But as for you, you forge ahead, grabbing bigger and better rôles, reams of publicity, and the ecstatic gurgles of women everywhere.

But there may be a day of reckoning. Fans are clamoring to see you co-starred with Shirley Temple. If the clamor is loud enough, the producers may listen. And then, Baby LeRoy, watch out! It takes a picture thief to catch a picture thief, and Shirley knows a few tricks herself.

Delight Evans

Right, Lew Ayres in front of his comfortable, but unpretentious home. Lew has a business manager who allows him only a modest sum weekly.

Joan Bennett, who formerly seldom invested less than seventy-five dollars on a gown now buys inexpensive dresses at a little Hollywood shop.

Below, Richard Cromwell doing the chores in his home, which he designed himself. Dick is one of the most practical young actors in pictures.



No More Splurging! *say Hollywood Stars*



THE stars are turning practical! No longer does the thousand dollar a week actor spend fifteen hundred to keep his place in the sun, or the three thousand per actress expend that much and more to stock her wardrobe with the season's latest. The wild-buying figure of Hollywood belongs to another era.

Of course, many of Hollywood's greatest have practiced pet economies for years, such as saving pretty boxes or picking up paper clips or putting away string. Everyone has some such habit. What Hollywood has done in these past few months is really set out to save. And those making the most money are among the foremost to indulge in this new fad.

Take Miriam Hopkins, for instance. Her income runs well into six figures every year. Yet she demanded that her landlord cut her rent in two, or she would move. It wasn't that she couldn't afford



Ann Dvorak has invested her film earnings in a ranch, where she goes on vacations from the studio.

to continue paying what she doled out each month. Not that at all. But she had observed that many of her friends, who lived in as luxurious quarters as she, were paying only about one-half of her rental price. Hence, her peremptory notice.

Those familiar with Joan Crawford's handwriting will recognize her signature on bank slips, business envelopes, checks and the like. For Joan is now handling her own business and secretarial affairs.

During the past four years, the actress has employed the same secretary to perform these routine duties. When this man had a chance to better himself, however, Joan readily assented, glad of the opportunity to cut down her monthly payroll. She couldn't possibly dismiss a man who was giving excellent service. She could not dispense with the services of a night-watchman



Because it gives her something permanent to show for her hard work, Loretta Young has put part of her earnings into her home, shown at left.

Left, Slim Summerville, with a handsome yearly income for his comedy antics, lives quietly in a small beach home. No splurging now!

Glenda Farrell, below, budgets her clothing and never exceeds the figure she has set for herself. She patronizes sales at the smartest shops.



Picture people can be practical! They are proving it. Read this story for the real facts!

By Whitney Williams

or a cook. So now her household overhead is less and Joan finds that with a little extra effort she is able to manage her own affairs effectively.

Richard Barthelmess owns a spacious and beautifully furnished home in Beverly Hills. Local residents point to it with pride. But does the star hold forth amid such surroundings? He does not. He leases this residence, for which he receives a considerable rental fee each month. In the meantime, he lives the year around in his modest beach house at Malibu, with the exception of that particular period when he is making a picture. Then, he rents a small apartment in town. Another economy credited to Barthelmess is the fact that he still drives the same convertible coupe he purchased seven years ago.

Even if Lew Ayres wished to spend a great deal of money—and his salary is sufficient to warrant the purchase of any little thing like a yacht or a ranch—he could not lay out more than a very few dollars each week. He has an agreement with his business manager whereby that individual will allow him only a modest sum weekly, the remainder of his pay check going into a trust fund. His drawing account is so small as to prohibit any foolish expenditure.

Bruce Cabot, the up and coming young actor who rapidly is gaining a fan following, is another whose money goes into a trust fund. Regardless of how much he needs the cash, the bank will not permit him to draw on that account.

Jean Harlow set a new style when she



Genevieve Tobin is as wise as she is lovely. She never spends her income for picture work foolishly.

appeared at a smart evening affair in a thirty-five dollar dress. By shopping around, she had picked up an evening frock for that price, and so favorably did it compare with other gowns at the same party that now she seldom pays more than that figure.

Joan Bennett, who formerly seldom invested less than seventy-five dollars in a gown, now buys them for \$12.75 at a little Hollywood shop. She considers it silly to pay more for the average garment, especially a summer dress, for the following season it will be out of style. Occasionally, the actress will spend more for an evening gown, but these occasions are rare. It is notable that on her recent trip to Paris, Joan did not purchase a single article of clothing—waiting, rather, until she returned to Hollywood.

Constance, her sister, has budgeted her household expenses to the *nth* degree. Ever one to watch the (Continued on page 88)



The NEW Sophisticate of the Screen!

Discovered! Myrna Loy,
charmer in the new manner,
and how she grew!

By
Elizabeth Wilson

WHEN I first came to Hollywood, over three years ago, Myrna Loy was the last person I wanted to meet. I was sure she smelled of cheap incense, ate chop suey, and smoked perfumed cigarettes from long jade holders. I didn't know what she really looked like because every time I had seen her on the screen she was so completely wrapped up in veils, or old mandarin robes, that I began to suspect that hers was neither the face nor the figure that launched a thousand ships. A leaky Chinese sampan would be about her speed.

I had seen Myrna play *Lucrezia Borgia's* head lady poisoner in "Don Juan" and thought, "My, my, what an unpleasant person to have around the house." I had seen her doing a *Sin Toy*—"Me China girl. Me likee Melican man"—in one of the "Fu Manchus"—(the phooeyest one, I imagine)—and had rushed home and written a letter to Mary Pickford begging her to return to the screen. Then, too, there was the premiere of "The Black Watch" at the Carthay Circle in Hollywood. Myrna, completely done up in miles of veils—that preferred to string rather than flow—played a nasty little Sorceress of the Hills named *Yas Mini*. Well, when dozens of Fox extras disguised as soldiers and peasants and things began to shout, "Yah, Minnie," I became slightly convulsed, and so did the audience, and for months after that Myrna Loy, the pride of the



La Loy in her "Fu Man-chu" days—one of the phooeyest, according to Elizabeth Wilson.



And then there was the Yas Mini, or "Yah, Minnie" era, with Myrna in miles of misty veils.



My, my, could this ever have been Myrna Loy? Yes, right out of our priceless picture files.



Long before "The Thin Man" brought Miss Loy fresh fame, she looked like this, and this!

Manchus, was only "Yah, Minnie" to me.

That was over three years ago. Today I had rather spend an hour with Myrna Loy, and watch that provocative smile of hers, than dine with Greta Garbo, dance with Clark Gable, or sit in the moonlight with Herbert Marshall. I'd even give up hearing Ethel Merman sing *Eadie was a Lady*, or Carole Lombard discuss Sex, to see a Myrna Loy picture. I have seen "The Thin Man" three times, but am quite sure that some day I shall just have to see Myrna with the ice bag on her head, and hear her say, "I was a gleam in my father's eye" just one more time. So when the editor of SCREENLAND told me that I might write a story about Myrna I went into such a blissfully unconscious daze that I paid the rent, reached for the check, (and at the Vendome too, tsch, tsch), and snubbed four fan writers.

I believe it was the day I was interviewing Jean Harlow in her dressing-room on the Metro lot that I first made a startling discovery about Myrna and quickly became so Loy-conscious that three stars on the Paramount lot dropped me from their dinner list. With a "S-s-s-shush" to me Jean made a dash for her dressing-room door, and sort of peeked from between the curtains. "There goes my ideal," she sighed. "If only I could look like that! She's the most glamorous person on the screen." Jean sank dejectedly into a chair and snarled at her own beautiful face in the mirror.

"Garbo?" I shrieked, wondering what the Swede was doing so far from her own runway. But as I opened



As She Is!

the door frantically I saw no one in sight but Myrna Loy, looking something elegant in a little whimsy whipped up by Adrian. There really was an air about Myrna. I gaped like a fan with an autograph book. "Jean," I exclaimed, "you are right. Myrna is glamorous. Why, she's actually sophisticated. Fancy that, my poor little *Yah Minnie* has turned into a sophisticate!"

"But not like your sophistication, or Mae West's, or Joan Crawford's, or Norma Shearer's, or Carole Lombard's," I continued. "It's a new kind of sophistication. It's honesty, that's what it is!"

"Well, as I was saying—" Jean interrupted. "Say, are you listening? Maybe you'd rather go interview Myrna Loy? Well, I don't blame you. Tell her that I think she is so glamorous that I die with envy every time I look at her—and look at her every chance I get."

All night long I thought about it. Myrna really was the epitome of sophistication—but the *new* sophistication. Our own little Myrna, who had been playing around in pictures for seven years, and had been a contact player on practically every lot in Hollywood; Myrna with her freckles, and her reddish hair, and her greenish eyes, and her figure that wasn't perfect; Myrna with her friendly smile and warm handshake and natural voice—why, Myrna Loy, I suddenly realized, had more sophistication in her little finger-tip than all the glamorous beauties of Hollywood. All the exotic ladies of the screen, those who pride themselves on their sophistication, have all had to have "props," or tricks, or publicity. (Continued on page 95)

SCREENLAND Glamor School



Joan sponsors black and white! Her black taffeta hostess gown here is dotted with white, with white touches at belt and collar. See those sleeves!

Crawford wears these clothes in "Chained," her new picture in which she co-stars with Clark Gable. Her close-up, left, below, shows her new hair clips.

Edited
by

Joan Crawford

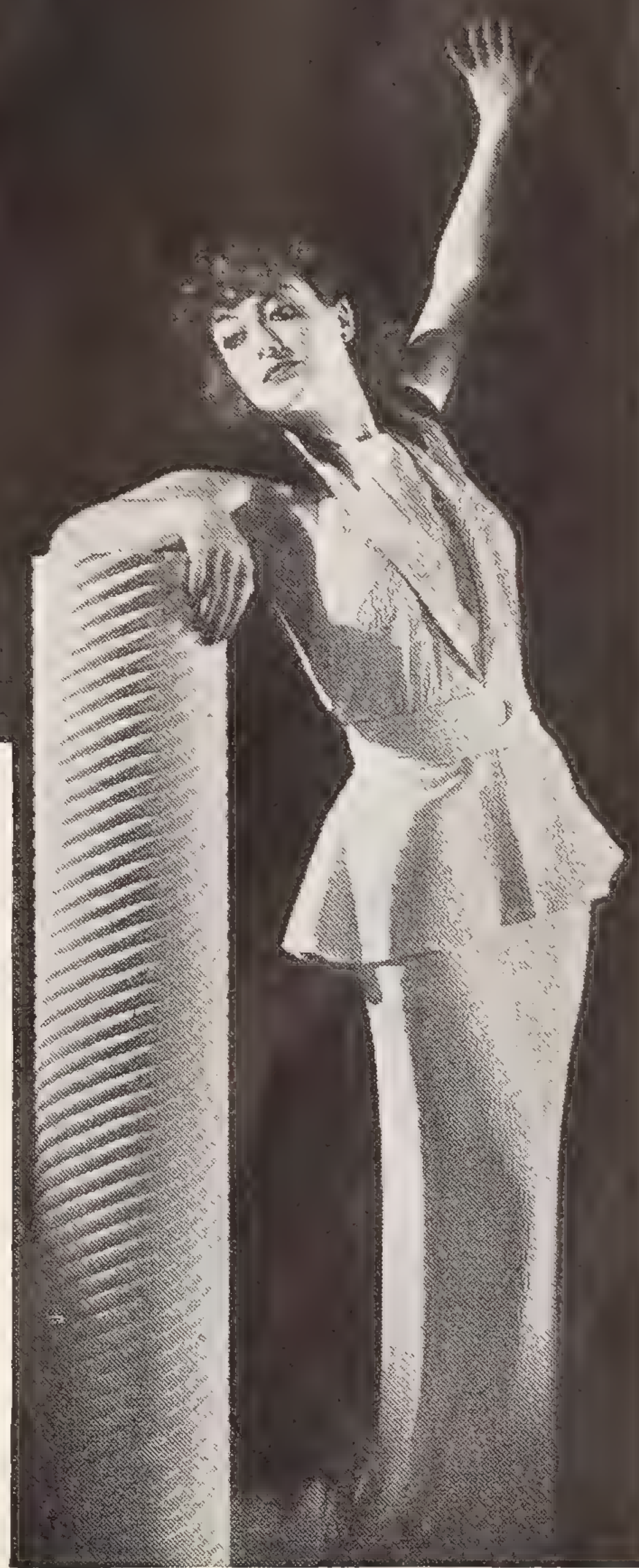
Joan believes in glitter if it is achieved as cleverly as in her white Adrian gown, shown at the right. The gorgeous fringe follows the just as gorgeous Crawford curves, and Joan the actress rejoices; for she has long emphasized the importance of costumes to carry out the mood, the emotion of the moment.

Black—rich, irresistible black of soft velvet and shining feathers, relieved only by the square fastenings of flashing rhinestones! This is the gown for “an entrance,” such as only Crawford can make! Wearing it, Joan is a girl Goya would have loved to paint!



Crawford's new clothes credo: let us be definite! Joan shows you her latest Adrian costume creations

Sculpture in silk! This black and white gown, posed so glamorously for you by Joan, is one of Adrian's most interesting designs. Note the peplum, and don't overlook Joan's curly coiffure.



Artist and Business Man!

Learn how Fredric March achieves that happy combination!

By
Shelby Moore

ONE of the most joyously crazy people on earth—on screen or off—is Fredric March. To talk to him or watch him on the screen, you wouldn't think he had a brain in his head. You'd credit him with having about as much business sense as Mickey Mouse.

Yet this same Freddie has recently signed a contract with Twentieth Century that is a seven days' wonder in Hollywood. It calls for only four pictures a year and contains all sorts of fancy provisos, including a portable dressing-room such as most stars have to furnish for themselves.

As a starter on this contract, they have presented him with co-starring parts in "The Affairs of Cellini" with Constance Bennett, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Norma Shearer, and "We Live Again" with Anna Sten.

And that's Freddie for you. Not an idea in his bean, apparently, and yet he goes gayly on garnering more than his fair share—not only of money but of what is more important to his career—good parts.

I swear, I can't understand it! It's so contrary to my knowledge of and mental picture of him.

I remember one day about four years ago after he had made his big initial hit in pictures. His career had started to backslide in a rather alarming manner. We sat in his dressing-room at Paramount and discussed his anaemic future, as he packed to go to New York.

He was as nearly in the dumps as I have ever seen him. "I don't know what to do," he muttered. "I go into the front office and jaw and jaw, and reason and reason, and they 'yes' me and go right on giving me



Here's an actor who has won highest honors for superb performances, and has also gained great financial success. Freddie, above, as he appears in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

futile parts that afford me no opportunity to show what I can do. It's a cinch unless something happens, they won't take up my option, because at the rate I'm going I won't be worth the money they'll have to pay me."

"Are you saving any money, Freddie?" I queried.

The question wasn't as idle as it seemed. I didn't like to discourage him but there were few people who had made the hit he had at the start of the talkies and then dropped as deep into the rut of mediocrity. And, once you've started slipping, it's harder to come back than to make an original start. It seemed to me his career was over almost before it had started. I hoped he'd saved while he could.

"You're darned right," he nodded. "I didn't take a course in commerce at college for nothing."

I took all that with a grain of salt. I knew how nicely the Marches lived and it didn't seem possible to me that they could save. I concluded that, as far as business went, he was just another actor—and actors are notoriously poor business men.

One day I suddenly realized that Freddie was one of the few actors on the lot whose option was being picked up every year—and at the increase called for. It's true, the last year he was there the executives tried to talk him into staying on at his old (Continued on page 86)



One of Hollywood's real beauties, blessed with acting ability, brains, and a splendid voice, Gloria Stuart faces certain startling facts in this very frank story. Can you help her?

Why Can't Gloria Progress?

Try to help this
lovely blonde solve
her problem!

By
James Marion

SUCCESS in any line of business is an elusive goal. It perches away up there in the distance, apparently as unachievable as the silver lining of clouds in the sky.

Success in motion pictures is even more remote than in most fields of endeavor. One person achieves it; one thousand fail in their efforts. And after several years of puzzled contemplation, I can't see that beauty, personality, ability, and brain-power have a great deal to do with the matter.

Take Gloria Stuart, for instance. At her home the other night or so, I sat in silent retrospect while Gloria reviewed her screen fate to date.

"I'm adrift in this place called Hollywood," she said to me. "I'm really looking for myself. I've run into a problem which, I'll admit, has me guessing for an answer.

"I seem to be getting nowhere, fast. Why? The answer to that *why* is my problem.

"My voice, appearance, ability, and camera presence may not be such as to startle the world, but they are at least the equal of other girls who seem to be getting quite a lot more from Hollywood than I am. I've shown no great genius in acting, but I know others who have shown no greater talent, yet who are far ahead of me

on the mythical ladder that leads to fame.

"I'm not," Glory hastened to explain, "complaining of my lot in Hollywood. There's food on my table and money in the bank. But something more important is missing, and that something is the satisfaction I'd like to feel for having done a task worth while.

"I've been continually cast in parts and pictures which require little acting ability, and which any so-so pretty girl could fill. I started out in this business with a bang—but lately it has seemed to me that the bang was all noise and no actual achievement. What's wrong with me? Why don't I go places in the movie business?"

As I stated at the start of this story, success is an elusive goal. Gloria's plight isn't new to Hollywood. Scores of girls have been in the same position. But few of those thousands compare favorably with Miss Stuart. Gloria says, "I'm no raving beauty," but if she isn't, she certainly comes as close to being one as anyone in the film capital. She has what photographers describe as a rare "camera face"—a face that can be photographed from *any* angle to real advantage. I have had several cameramen tell me that it is a joy to them to have Miss Stuart as a subject for their lens-artistry. Without attempting to eulogize Gloria's beauty, let me note in passing that she was famed for her physical attractions long ere she reached Hollywood. She was the favorite model of the West's most exclusive colony of artists and sculptors.

Gloria Stuart, then, is *not* lacking in beauty.

Again quoting her, she says, (*Continued on page 77*)

Drawings by
Leonard Frank



Acme

Dietrich is pretty swell about posing for the camera boys. Here she is in her latest informal picture, with her daughter Maria, her husband, Rudolph Sieber, and her director, Josef von Sternberg.

Confessions of a Celebrity-Shooter!



Note: Strictly, this is not the confession of one Hollywood news cameraman, but several of them! The lens boys who follow the stars around at work and at play get an inside slant on stellar personalities that is available to no other group of movie-life commentators. They see the stars "dressed up" and "caught unawares." They see them in their best and in their most irritable moods. Over a period of years I have met many of these indefatigable gentlemen who work as Hollywood plays. Thus, this story does not detail the adventures of any one of them, but is offered as a composite experience of many famous news cameramen.

THE first question invariably asked a Hollywood news cameraman is: "Are the stars nice about posing for you boys who jump out at them when they're getting married or divorced or dining in public, or do you have to catch those pictures in the face of a lot of explosive temperament?"

My answer to that is: "Name your stars!"

If you're dealing in percentages



The first news picture ever made of Greta Garbo, when she arrived in America. She won't smile for the boys now!



L.F.

By
Dorothy
Manners

Hollywood news cameramen see the stars at their best and worst! Here's what they think!



Cosmo-Sileo

Sometimes Kay Francis will pose prettily, sometimes she won't. Here she is in one of her gayer moods, as she arrived in New York by plane on her way to Europe.



The camera catches Verree Teasdale as she obligingly autographs books for fans. Verree is usually photographed with Adolphe Menjou, who doesn't always like to pose.

I'd say a good eighty percent of the players are swell about giving us a picture even with a fork half-in, or half-out, of their mouths. I don't know of a single case of a Hollywood news cameraman who has ever had his camera broken in attempting to get an informal picture. (I understand the New York boys aren't so lucky. Just the other day I read where Katherine Hepburn's father chased a cameraman for blocks after the fellow tried to get a "snatch view" of Katherine's family.) But as a general rule we Hollywood snappers have been pretty lucky in avoiding actual physical violence in getting out pictures.

Greta Garbo, of course, is Hollywood's hardest star to photograph. She just won't pose, and what you get of Greta, you get on the run with your, and her, coat tails flying. But at that, I think Greta has a far greater sense

of humor than the interviewers have ever led you to believe.

One day I ran smack into Garbo, face to face, as she came out of the Hotel Roosevelt dining room. It was pretty late in the afternoon and my camera was in my car, parked down the street. Greta must have recognized me as one of the many cameramen who have dogged her steps for years, for the moment we clamped eyes on one another we both started running like inspired rabbits—Greta, for her car, and I, for my camera! When we reached the street the traffic signal was

against us, but did that stop me, and my girl friend? Not on your life!irate motorists honked violently, and leaned out of their cars to yell as



Keystone

Edna Best, (Mrs. Herbert Marshall), and Diana Wynyard smile for the boys on their arrival in England from Hollywood.

Hepburn, the cinema sphinx, snapped about to board a plane on her way to Hollywood to make her new film. Read about Katie's camera complexes!

the Swedish Sphinx and I went darting shoulder to shoulder through the traffic. It was about a block to the parking station and I mean to tell you that Greta can run! I was panting like a winded amateur before we'd gone half the distance, but Garbo was making it full steam ahead.

Suddenly she began to laugh, and I mean, really laugh! She could hardly catch her breath. I had to laugh, too. So there we were,
(Continued on page 82)



The Laughtons step out! Charles and Elsa snapped in Hollywood recently. Right, close-up of Elsa Lanchester.

The internationally famous stars share two enthusiasms—their careers and each other!

By
Malcolm H. Oettinger

not interested in making money. Yet Laughton, at the top of his stride, chose to play there for an entire season for a mere pittance rather than sign a Hollywood contract running into six figures. Howard at least received his due for stage services. Laughton was paid the nominal fee parceled out to the rest of the co-operative players.

Wondering precisely what manner of man this fellow might be I made my way to Culver City to find out. He had just finished portraying the wicked *Mr. Browning* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and he still seemed

a bit depraved, a bit craven, yet withal chuckling and hearty when he chose. He is an extraordinary actor, an unusual individual, an unforgettable figure.

He is thirty-four, egotistical in a quiet, inoffensive manner, inordinately proud of his wife's acting ability, and forty pounds overweight. He is a gross-looking



The Laughtons

TWO or three years ago an Englishman upset Hollywood and its liege lords, not by what he did, but by what he did not do. He wouldn't take their money. That was all. But that was enough! That was a cross between treason and insanity in the land of genius and hokum. But when the alienists had finished examining him, they had to report Leslie Howard sound. He simply preferred doing a stage play now and again, between pictures.

Not long ago another Britisher set the town talking. This time it was Charles Laughton, robust star of "The Private Life of Henry the VIII."

Laughton not only refused Hollywood gold but he turned down lucrative stage offers besides, in order to appear at the tradition-steeped, moss-covered Old Vic, London's home of the classical drama. Immediately one sets forth that this theatre houses classics, one need hardly add that it is such an artistic theatre that it is

colossus who talks wittily, rowdily, intelligently as any actor you'll meet in a grand tour of the studios.

For an actor who has been acclaimed by his colleagues as the screen's best, Laughton is singularly unaffected, simple, direct. Most big people are, of course.

"Irving Thalberg is the cleverest person in this field," he said decisively. "I am sure that he is infused with a spark of divine genius."

He thought Adolphe Menjou's work outstanding in "Little Miss Marker." He disliked "Cavalcade" because to him it seemed tiresome (Continued on page 78)

Read about the couple who are as interesting off-screen as any of their famous characterizations!

I'VE met the prankish *Anne of Cleves*—Elsa Lanchester, in real life! And I found her a human prism, flashing so many sides of a radiant personality that the hours flew by on swift wings in her presence.

Elsa is the wife of Charles Laughton, who rose to international fame in "The Private Life of Henry the VIII." This was the picture also that introduced her so happily to American audiences, for as *Anne of Cleves* Miss Lanchester shone brilliantly. Especially will she be remembered for that priceless scene in the bridal chamber when she bested the *King*, in the card-game battle.

Naturally, we spoke of "Henry the VIII." And of their success in it.

"Odd," she gaily laughed, "what that one film did for us both. When we were in Hollywood a year or so ago we were unknown and had a very lonely time. Charles was considered just a fat actor whom producers found difficult to cast. I had no rating at all. But now it is different. He proved what a superb artist he is and there are more fine parts lined up for him than he can ever play. It looks as if we would divide our time between London and Hollywood, for the next couple of years, which pleases us for we adore your California

with its glorious sunshine and its ideal climate.

"Oh, yes, making 'Henry the VIII,' was a glorious experience, but truly none of us had any idea it would turn into such a sweeping triumph.

"After working two days on the picture I refused to go on until I could develop an accent for my rôle of *Anne of Cleves*. It was ridiculous that a girl from a royal German house should be speaking exactly like the English queens.

"Of course, accents are part of an actress' training but I had to evolve one quickly so as not to hold up production. Do you know where I got it? From Alexander Korda, our famous director. But—he doesn't know it to this day. He doesn't even think he has an accent!

"I used to ask him to read my lines and then carefully memorized them exactly as he spoke them, and while he is Hungarian, not German, I secured a stage accent in my dialogue that gave realism to the part."

It is very easy to discover that Miss Lanchester has two abounding enthusiasms: her husband and her
(Continued on page 79)

Below, Charles Laughton in character for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."



Above, the memorable impersonation of Henry VIII, the part for which Laughton was awarded the Academy prize for acting.

Right, Charles Laughton with the trophy for acting. Below, as Nero in "The Sign of the Cross," the C. B. DeMille screen spectacle.



Step
into Success!

By
Maude Cheatham



Exclusive photographs of the assorted Arlens and Crosbys exclusive to SCREENLAND and posed especially for us by Bing and Dick, world's highest-priced photographers!



Above, Jack Oakie, Dick Arlen, and Jack Moss, who is Gary Cooper's genial manager, on the memorable yachting expedition that Mr. Mook tells you all about in this story.

Left, three galley slaves at sea, and famous screen stars on land: Messrs. Cooper, Crosby, and Arlen, on Dick's new yacht, the "Jobyna R." —(named for Mrs. Arlen).

How'd you like to catch your film favorites off guard? Here's your chance to meet 'em and really know 'em!

Big Moments *with*

"TELL me," writes the Editor of SCREENLAND, "about the moments in Hollywood that stand out in your mind. With all the people you know out there you must have had some pretty interesting experiences. You must have had moments you'll *never* forget!"

Have I? I'll say I have! And some others I'd *like* to forget.

The first person who flashes across my mind is Richard Arlen. But when I think of him I can remember enough moments to fill an article by itself.

If I live to be a thousand I'll never forget one Sunday afternoon last fall down at Palm Springs. The Arlens and Crosbys had taken a place together there for the season. Among the guests was Dick's Dutch barge dog, Jill, who resembles nothing so much as a thoroughly drowned rat. Well, Jill was—er—expectant. Dick gave the dog no peace. He had decided she was going to have her litter that afternoon and have it she would if he had to blast.

There was no veterinary in town and nobody paid much attention to Dick. We went on with our backgammon, bridge, etc. Suddenly Dixie Lee Crosby and I,

in the midst of an argument over a backgammon game—(Dixie said I cheated)—were startled to see Dick going through the room clad only in swimming trunks and carrying a tired old razor blade in his hand.

"What you going to do with that?" I asked, the bathroom being in the opposite direction from that he was taking and also knowing he'd just shaved that morning.

"I'm going to perform a Caesarian operation on Jill," he announced calmly.

"You're crazy!" I gasped. And as I saw that do-or-die look in his eye, I added weakly, "What do you know about operations?"

"You forget my son was brought into the world that way," Dick informed me in measured tones. "I've heard enough about how it's done, haven't I? I'm not going to let that little dog suffer."

You can't tell me dogs don't understand. Jill's blessed event occurred then and there, and today Jill's puppies are privileged pets in the Arlen household.

Last summer, Dick, Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie and I had been on Arlen's yacht for ten days. We wound up at Catalina. Gary's manager, Jack Moss—variously known as "The Colonel" and "Spanish Jack"—flew over



Three babies in a boat! Virginia Bruce Gilbert's little daughter, with "Elmer" Arlen and Gary Crosby, in their own boat in the Arlen pool. That's Bing in the water!

Kay Francis at the right, who asked Dick Mook what he meant by saying that she was "going Hollywood." And what do you think he said? Read all about it here!

By
S. R. Mook

("Dick" to the most important stars in Hollywood!)



the Movie Great!

to join us. As he weighs a good 260 pounds and had his bags with him, there wasn't room for all of us to go ashore to greet him. Dick rowed over to fetch him, while Cooper, Oakie, and I remained aboard as a welcoming committee.

Presently Skipper and guest drew alongside. "Ahoy!" yelled Moss very nautically and dramatically.

"Dip the colors!" Oakie, equally dramatic, yelled to no one in particular.

"What colors?" Coop woke up to inquire.

"Any colors," Jack yelled and turned indignantly to me: "Where's your uniform?"

I seized a pea jacket of Dick's—about three sizes too large for me—and a commodore's cap Jack had borrowed from the Paramount wardrobe department.

"The royal carpet," Jack ordered.

I grabbed a red, white and blue bath towel and spread it over the companionway steps up which the Colonel must come.

"Stand at salute," Jack commanded. We stood stiffly at attention as the Colonel prepared to come aboard.

Then tragedy laid its ugly hand on us. The Colonel grasped the companionway rail and prepared to step

from the skiff to the landing. Being rather short, he had to lean slightly to grasp the railing. The skiff started skidding away. Maybe, as he afterwards explained, Dick *was* only working one oar trying to get the boat back alongside the companionway, but it seemed to me Mr. Arlen was pulling on *both* oars as hard as ever he could.

At any rate, the gap between the skiff and the yacht widened suddenly until the Colonel was stretched out as horizontally as any clothesline. When he was stretched to his utmost limit, with the skiff going everywhere but closer, he stepped daintily over the side into forty feet of water. The skiff, freed of his weight, shot ten or fifteen feet away from him.

Dick sat there holding his sides. Oakie was doubled up. Even I, sympathetic as I am by nature, could not but shout at the spectacle of the Colonel, as, like some gigantic cork, he bobbed helplessly up and down. He's so stout he *couldn't* sink.

Gary, whose friend and manager he is, leaned solicitously over the side of the yacht. "Can you swim?" he asked brightly.

When we finally got the (Continued on page 80)

The Search *for* Scenarios!

Here are the facts about
the breath-taking race in
which rival studios bid
for screen material

By

Lester Gottlieb

IT HAPPENED one morning—or so the story goes—soon after Katie Hepburn in “Little Women” had broken the attendance record at New York’s gargantuan Radio City Music Hall. The sprawling California sun (not a real estate advertisement), shone through the spacious portico of the executive sanctum of Mammoth (let’s call it that, just for fun), Productions. But to President Herman Shlumburg (let’s call him that for fun, too; but you’d die if I told you his right name), it was as dark as a developing room. Mr. Shlumburg had an array of buttons under his desk, and he greedily pushed all of them. Directors, scenarists, secretaries, yes-men and no-men, appeared in droves.

After counting the heads, he dramatically picked up the crumpled telegram just arrived from the East, and made this immortal statement:

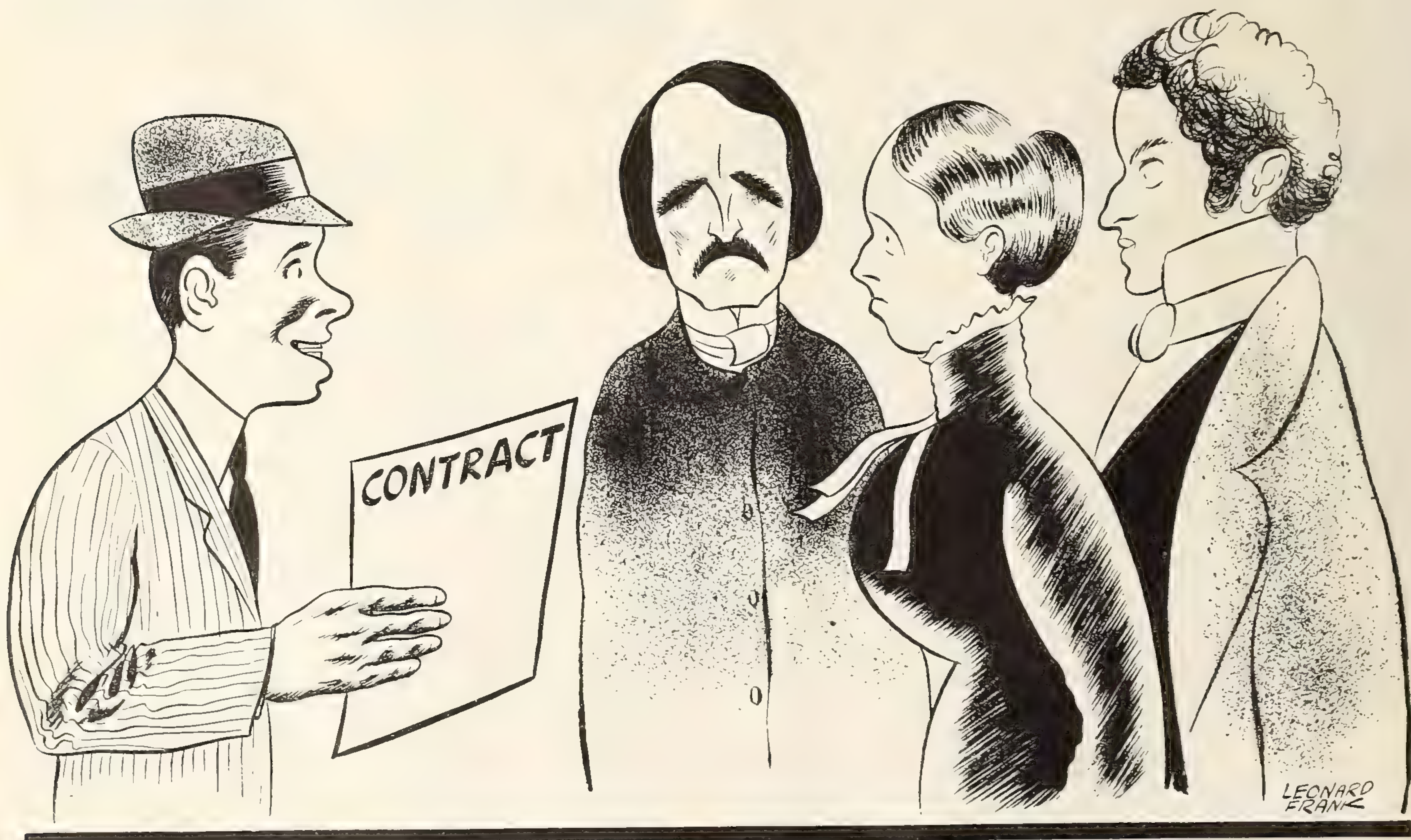
“Radio’s production of ‘Little Women’ is the greatest success the movies ever had.” (Contrary to rumors, producers do use adjectives other than colossal, gigantic, and stupendous). “They’ll make millions on it!” His satellites could tell that Mr. Shlumburg was silently counting the millions that his rival would make, dollar

by dollar. Then he snapped, “I’ll fool ’em! Sign that Alcott woman and get her to write a sequel for us immediately!”

It wasn’t exactly ignorance that prompted this command; it was desperation. Hollywood spends thousands—but *thousands*—in a single year on scenarios. Bright young authors have come back from California with gold mines that would have made their ’49-er ancestors blush. A breath-taking race is being run

every week, every hour, and every minute, among these frantic producers, in an effort to get the jump on new books, plays, and short stories. It’s a never-ending search and a thrilling one. No wonder Mr. Shlumburg was exasperated! Radio Pictures, by the simple but sure process of ransacking through old masterpieces, recreated one of the greatest tales of all time, with the production of “Little Women.” Now, like children in the game of Follow the Leader, the other companies have placed on their schedule more of these old-fashioned, sweet tales.

Mistakes are made, of course. Boners are pulled almost every day out where the Mae West begins. But when I begin to tell you what (Continued on page 74)



If dreams came true, the scenario editor could sign authors to write sequels to some old classics which score as box-office successes today. Imagine the possibilities of original stories written for the screen by Edgar Allan Poe, Louisa M. Alcott, (perhaps a sequel to her “Little Women,” for example), or Washington Irving!

She Had to Come Back!

Louise Fazenda made Hollywood re-discover her! Read this story about a born trouper!

By
Ben Maddox

Fazenda—a unique and colorful personality in the life of Hollywood.



FOR a long time I have been carefully saving my superlative description. I wanted to reserve it for Louise Fazenda!

Now that M-G-M has signed this beloved actress on a long-term contract and has ambitious plans for her, she is news again. To her many faithful fans all over the world, and to those of us who have had the privilege of knowing her personally, she never ceased to be important.

You can imagine, then, how glad I am to be able to say at last right out in print what I have always thought: *she is the most interesting woman in Hollywood!*

Remembering all the fascinating ladies in the movie business, this is a sweeping statement. I mean it to be. But before I attempt to show you why she deserves this distinction, I want to disclose some surprising facts about her. *Behind Louise Fazenda's recent film lull and her present zoom into the big time is one of those stories which makes Hollywood the most perpetually astonishing place on the globe!*

Everyone is delighted with her sudden skyrocketing to a brand new "high," because the warmth of her genial, unique personality has very definitely been missed on the screen, and because she is acknowledged by everybody who has met her as one hundred per cent swell as a

person—companionable, genuine, and thoroughly human.

Did you know, though, that she originally went into pictures quite by accident? You recall her slapstick yesterdays, but did you know she became a comedienne because she couldn't find work at Stanford University to pay her college tuition there? Or that, although her husband is production chief at one of the major studios, she has never mixed her career with her domestic life?

"I'm back on the band-wagon," declares Louise, "'cause Fate just keeps on happening to me! A little over a year ago I thought I was finished!"

The inside tale is this. When she was at this low professional ebb, she chanced to see a prominent actors' agent at a beach party. "Who's handling you?" he asked her. Louise had parted with her former representative and, discouraged, hadn't sought a new one. "I'd like to gamble on you!" this discerning man exclaimed. "There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't be busy. Sign with me and within a year you will have a contract again!"

Louise agreed. In Hollywood players don't dicker for rôles themselves; their agents are the formal go-betweens. She had nothing to lose.

Why she had ever faded from leading rôles remains a mystery, for she had made (Continued on page 96)

A New Katherine "The Great"?

Sneaking up on the Hepburns and other screen charmers is Katherine DeMille, daughter of Cecil. Read the first authentic story of this newcomer

By Peter Long

WHILE the official whooper-uppers chant the praises of Ketti Galian, Rochelle Hudson, Patricia Ellis and Frances Drake, singling them out as the most promising Hollywood débutantes, this corner is strongly pro-DeMille, and we don't mean Cecil.

From the day we saw "Viva Villa" we have been putty in the hands of the darkling, voluptuously planned young beauty who played *Pancho's* bride of the week. There had been no advance ballyhoo about her. Her part was short. Yet she shared the honors with Beery and Walthall. The program simply said she was Katherine DeMille.

So when we worked our way to Hollywood by pack train, pony express and caravan, one of the objects of the trip was to meet Miss DeMille, wish her well, and see if she was actually as ravishing as she filmed.

Over at Paramount they plotted a rendezvous for me. I was to meet Katherine at the studio, where she was getting costumed for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As soon as she came in the door, I was for her. She

has that electric personality—smouldering but all the more vital for that—that ignites upon introduction. She is brunette and set up like a champion. Her handclasp is firm, her eyes flinty but bright, her mouth warm red. She is in her early twenties, but she has the poise of a woman of forty. In New York you would place her as a Park Avenue native. She has style, smartness, and sophistication.

We decided that the studio was a workaday place at best. Katherine was trying out a new car, so she suggested that we both try it, riding here and there, inspecting what high spots the town offered at three in the afternoon.

(Continued on page 73)

In circle, Kay, the movie beauty. Below, Katherine the student, at home.



The Wiggss come to life on the screen with a great stage star in the name rôle. Inset, close-up of Pauline Lord in character.



Not the Type? Of Course Not!

Pauline Lord tells why she chose "Mrs. Wiggs" for her long delayed film début

By
Martin Somers

SO I up and says to *Mrs. Wiggs*, says I:
"Look here, Wiggssy, you can't pull the wool over my eyes. First time I ever laid eyes on you back in New York you were a fallen woman. Called yourself *Anna Christie* then, didn't you? Seen you play some mighty bad women since then, too. How come you to give up Eugene O'Neill for Alice Hegan Rice?"

Mrs. Wiggs looked real hurt and indignant.

"Lan' sakes, feller," she retorted, "don't you think a body ever gits tired of bein' a bad woman? Reckon I got a right to reform if I feel the urge. Land of Goshen, there's some good in all of us! *Mrs. Wiggs* is more my kind anyway, ain't she, Norman?"

Pauline Lord turned to her director, Norman Taurog, for verification. We three were seated on three rickety

chairs in an incredibly ramshackle shack, on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. We were in the "Cabbage Patch."

The director looked at me solemnly.

"Pauline is right," he said, "*Mrs. Wiggs* has come clean!"

Then he laughed: "Can you imagine the irony of it? (As that great philosopher Durante would say.) Here is Pauline Lord, who is famous on the stage for her dramatic portrayals of fallen women, making her motion picture début in the first 'good woman' rôle she has played in many years!"

Sure I could imagine it! Anything can happen in Hollywood. On the white waves of purity that are rolling over movietown these days, Pauline Lord is fairly sure to ride to triumph in the (Continued on page 76)

LIVE NOWHERE! . . REVEL ANYWHERE! . . LOVE EVERYWHERE!

His caressing melodies sang these
tempting words to her . . . whose
heart yearned for moonlit nights and
joyous revelry, and warmed to the
gay festival of the
wine-filled grape!

AN ERIK CHARELL PRODUCTION

CARAVAN

**CHARLES BOYER
LORETTA YOUNG
JEAN PARKER**

**PHILLIPS HOLMES
LOUISE FAZENDA
EUGENE PALLETTE
C. AUBREY SMITH
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN
NOAH BEERY**

THRILL TO THE GAYETY
OF THESE JOYOUS SONGS:

"HAPPY, I AM HAPPY"
"HA-CHA-CHA"
"WINE SONG"

The lilting music of
Caravan will sing on in
your heart . . . haunting
you for days to come!

FOX

*Executive Producer: Robert T. Kane
Directed by Erik Charell
From a story by Melchior Lengyel
Music by Werner Richard Leymann*



SCREEN star gets gay with her fans! Here's Norma Shearer's selection of her most recent portrait sitting, with her own idea in autographs—for YOU! Latest in SCREENLAND's exclusive series of personally inscribed star photographs.

Hurrell

Dreamer!

LESLIE HOWARD is the subtle romantic hero of many women's dreams—and he is a bit of a dreamer himself, don't you know! Somehow, whether on stage or screen, in London or Hollywood, he has a way of making his dreams come true.

Scotty Welbourne





Elmer Fryer

THE pugnacious Irish-American sock-'em-and-enslave-'em boy is branching out! Some day, we hope, he will have an opportunity to prove that he can be quite as adept at finesse as at fisticuffs. In other words, a real actor, this James Cagney.

Doer!



Ah, there, Danilo! We know you and think your gold braid and roguish smile are mighty becoming to Maurice Chevalier! As to you, Maurice! You have the part of your life, and such a lovely Sonia to court and waltz with and sing to! Why shouldn't you wear your famous smile?



A Sonia to the fans' taste, and there's nothing more complimentary to be said to or about any star of the screen, Jeanette! Like Maurice over there, your smile is too convincing for us to doubt that you are glad to be The Merry Widow.



The Merry Widow Waltz—here we have it with all its grace, rhythm, and romance. There at the left are Jeanette and Maurice at the climax of the dance famed around the world, caught by a "stop action" camera which enables us to show you precisely how it's done

Exclusive photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull and Russell Ball, especially posed for SCREENLAND.

TWO HEARTS THAT DANCE TO WALTZ TIME!

Maurice and Jeanette!
We've waited watchfully
for you as the lovers the
whole world loves!

*Merry indeed is The Merry Widow
as she poses for you at the right, in
a creation of flame-colored taffeta.*



*Left, another pose
by Jeanette Mac-
Donald in her beau-
tifully quaint Merry
Widow costume.*



*The world famous
lovers in close-up,
right. A happy mo-
ment for Danilo and
Sonia.*



Irving Lippman

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter in "Broadway Bill"

That great actress,
Shirley Temple, is
just a farm girl at
heart!

Baby Bernhardt Goes Native!



Ah, me! After you've slaved away at emotional scenes in a motion picture studio there's nothing like the simple life—at least for a change, says Shirley.

What the well-dressed farmerette should wear! La Temple brings the sunbonnet out of hiding as a chapeau for the stylish sub-sub-deb.

No Pekingese, Pomeranians, or dachshunds for the great big little star of the screen. St. Bernard or nothing! P.S. Shirley got the St. Bernard.





Welcome Home,
Helen!

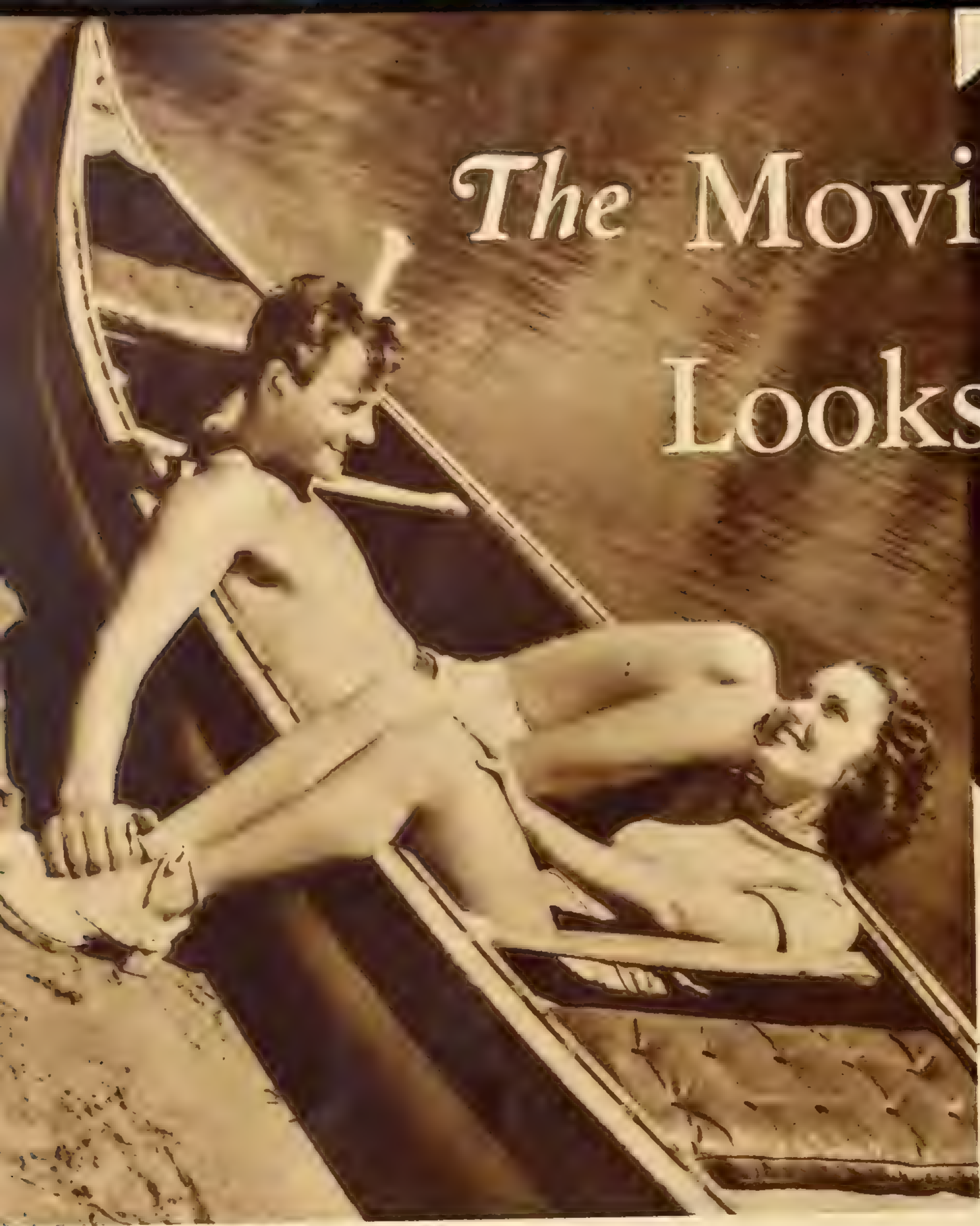
"HOME" is where your best part is, and right now Hollywood is offering you some grand new rôles: first, "Vanessa," by Hugh Walpole, to be followed by the immortal *Maggie Shane* in "What Every Woman Knows." Stick around, Helen Hayes!



WHILE he is off on a jaunt around the world with his family, his new films are working for him! Will Rogers is the new king of the cinema theatres, with pleased patrons piling up profits for his clean pictures. Very latest, "Judge Priest," by Irvin Cobb.

**Box-Office
Bill!**

The Movie Camera Looks at Love!



A boy, a girl, a lake, a canoe—the treat awaits you in the new production with Fay Wray and Joel McCrea, above.

Then there's love with a smile to flavor the tenderness, as at the right—Una Merkel and Stuart Erwin.



Why, here's Joel McCrea again, and with another charmer—Miriam Hopkins! Above, happy lovers as called for by the script of the production which will bring these two stars together on the screen.

Screen fans thrilled to the announcement of Garbo and Herbert Marshall as an acting duet, and here they are, right, in a scene together, portraying love that is mature, intense, touched with sadness.



Surely you can find your ideal of romance here! And personified by some of your greatest favorites, too!



Romance fired with the gusto of youth as you will see it in Jean Parker's first starring picture. Above, James Dunn and Jean. Like 'em?



"By popular request!" Yes, John Boles and Irene Dunne are reunited on the screen as romantic figures in another dramatic production. Above you see them in character.



Left, Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan are perfect support for one another in this scene in the film in which Bob plays a city slicker and Maureen the girl.



Ah, a "Kaydet" makes love, and those West Pointers haven't gained the reputation for being picturesque suitors, for nothing! Below we have Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler making it all very charming.

And who's this we have at the left, so charmingly romantic and with that love-light in their eyes? Why, the blonde and beautiful Marian Marsh and Eddie Nugent.



Demonstrative lady, reticent man! Right, Alice Brady as the lady who gives vent to her feelings and Edward Everett Horton as a shy chap, as they appear in support of dancing Fred Astaire.





Russell Ball

Rivals? Rot! Says Gable

IF YOU think that competitive cinema champions glare at each other every chance they get, gaze on Gable and Bob Montgomery, who not only admire each other's acting but enjoy going "skeet" shooting together.



Here's Hull!

ONE of America's most distinguished actors, Henry Hull, now casts his lot with the films. His first will be "Great Expectations," from the Charles Dickens novel.

Freulich

Here's Hamilton!

YOU know Neil! Always suave and satisfying! His pride and joy is his three-year-old daughter, Patricia Louise. His new picture? "What Ladies Dream," with Binnie Barnes.

Bruno





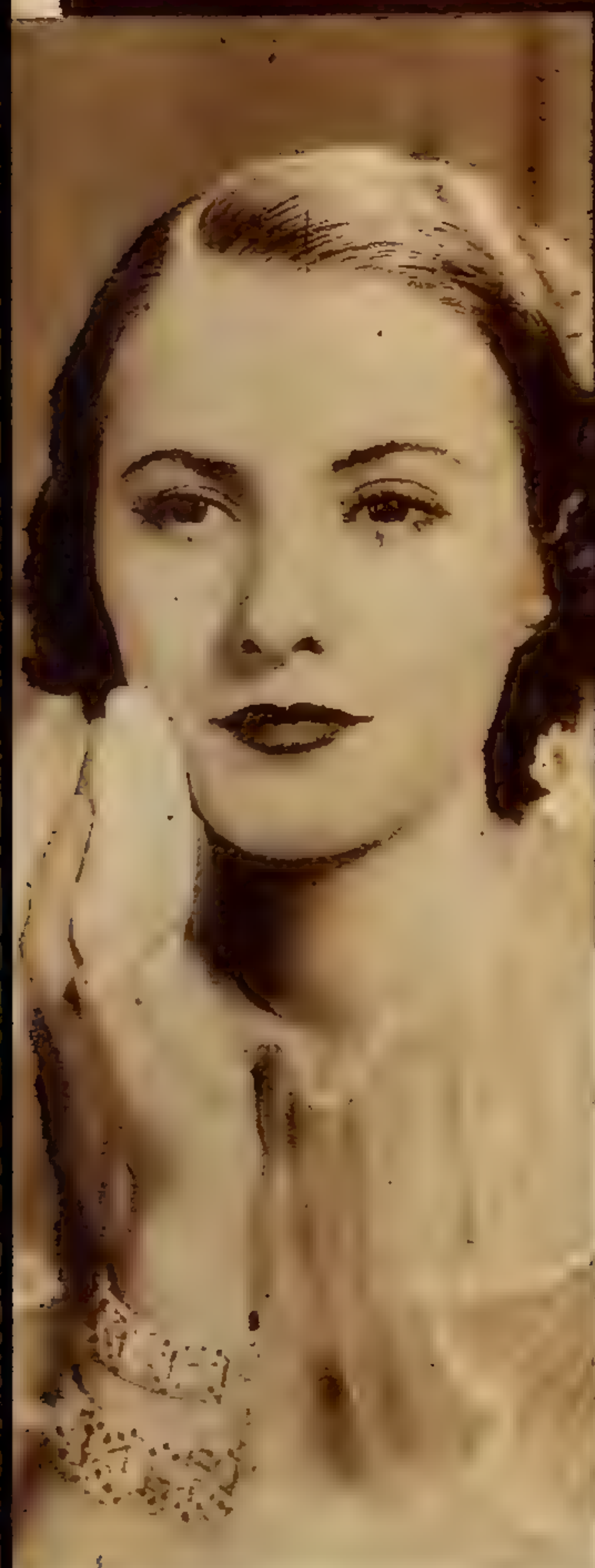
Vision of Virginia!

THOUGH brief, as "retirements" go, Virginia Bruce's absence from the screen was all too long, as the fair and charming lady makes us realize in "Jane Eyre," the notably sincere screen version of the Brontë novel.

Why Any Girl Can Be MORE ATTRACTIVE

*A New Kind of Make-Up
Originated by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius
Holds the Secret of*

Lovely Beauty



FACE POWDER

In original color harmony shades that actually enliven the beauty of the skin... and there is a shade for your individual colorings. Perfect in texture, Max Factor's Face Powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours and hours. One dollar.



ROUGE

In harmonizing colors to blend with your face powder and your colorings so as to impart a youthful glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth in texture... Max Factor's Rouge blends easily and smoothly... creating a soft, natural coloring. Fifty cents.



LIPSTICK

Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must withstand every close-up test. So here is the lipstick you can depend upon to create lasting lip make-up, permanent and uniform in color. And only Max Factor's Lipstick will give your lips that alluring beauty of perfect color harmony. One dollar.

THE real testing laboratory of beauty is Hollywood. Daily, hundreds of screen tests are recorded. Daily, hundreds of make-up tests are made. And now for twenty-odd years, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, has worked intimately with the stars of the screen to discover new beauty secrets.

Now, out of this unique experience, Max Factor brings to you... to every woman... a new and original idea in make-up for every day.

It is color harmony make-up... because it is color, and color alone, as thousands of tests have proved, that can actually make natural beauty appear more ravishing, more youthful, more attractive. Yes, one may even appear ten years younger if correct color harmony is used.

But... color harmony make-up originated by Max Factor is amazingly different. It consists of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades that are scientifically and artistically perfected for each variation of blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette types.

The face powder creates a satin-smooth, clinging make-up. The rouge is lifelike in its natural coloring. The lipstick is the one that withstands every close-up test. And the color tones of each blend together in a beautiful harmony of color to create for you the lovely beauty of your own imagination.

Now this luxury, Color Harmony Make-Up, created originally for the screen stars, is available to you at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Until you test your color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up, you will never know how beautiful you can be. At all leading stores.

Barbara STANWYCK

in Warner Bros. Production of Willa Cather's Novel

"A LOST LADY"

Illustrates a Max Factor Color Harmony Make-Up.

For her colorings... dark auburn hair, creamy skin and blue eyes... the perfect color harmony make-up is Max Factor's Brunette Face Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick.

*Max Factor * Hollywood*

SOCIETY MAKE-UP

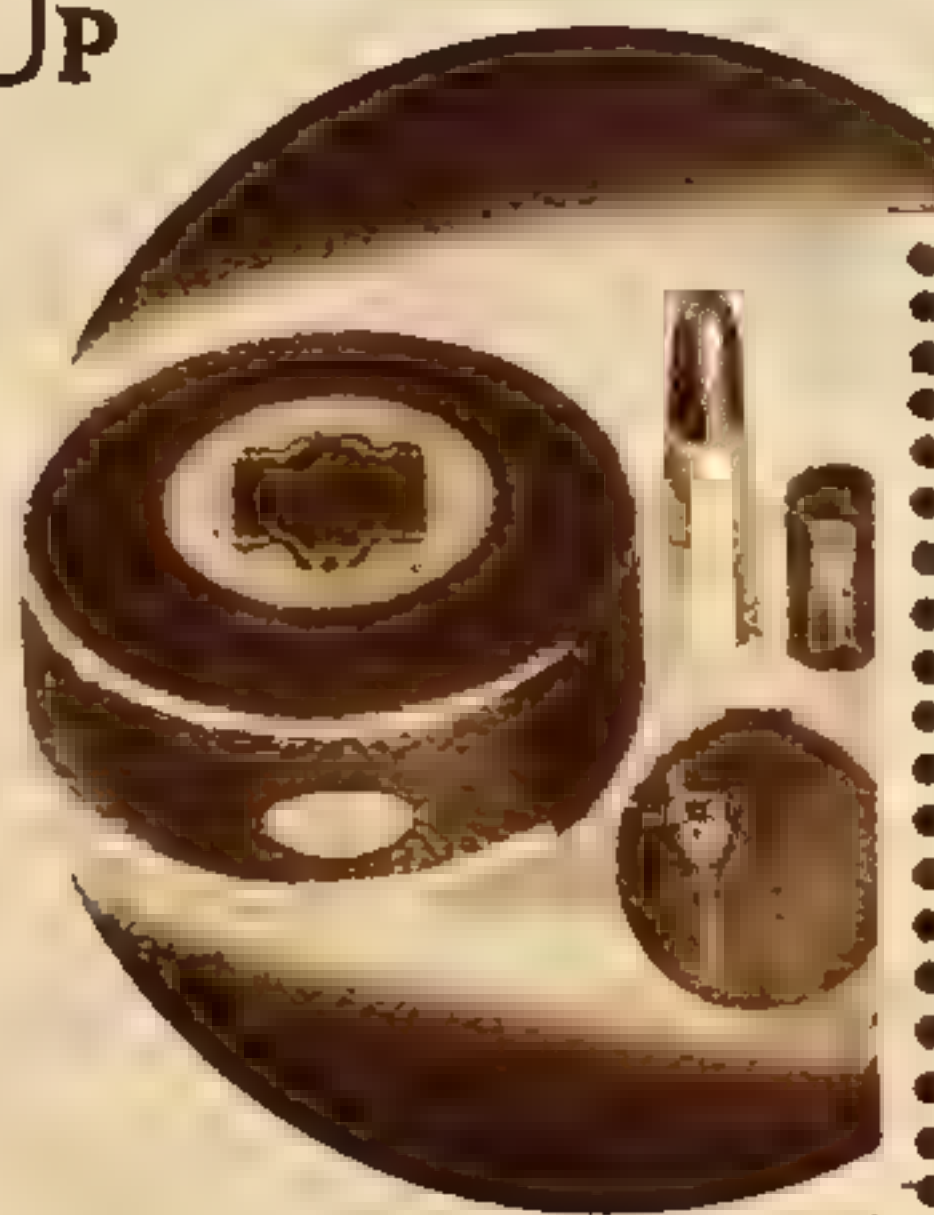
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

© 1934. Max Factor

Accept This Priceless Beauty Gift!

Learn These Secrets of Make-Up!

For you, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony make-up chart and send you his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... How to rouge a round face; how to rouge a thin face; how to conceal hollow cheeks; how to make up small eyes, thin lips, and many other valuable secrets. Mail the coupon now.



TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE. 4-11-35

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES ☐	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Only ☐ Normal ☐	AGE _____	



Study of a Slavic Siren!

OUR cover charmer, Anna Sten, is the subject not only of this beautiful portrait, but of the special story on the opposite page—first interview granted by the star in months, and the first to present her to you as an appealing woman as well as an actress.

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

The Barretts of Wimpole Street M-G-M



The perfect picture! Sheer magic from first scene to last is Irving Thalberg's masterly screen version of the play about Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. It is Norma Shearer's finest achievement; Fredric March's most scintillating performance; Charles Laughton's most restrained work. Maureen O'Sullivan's personal triumph—in the most intelligent and high-hearted romance the screen has ever offered us. Not once does this picture disappoint, from the flawless account of the meeting of the invalid Elizabeth and the vital Browning, through her father's stern opposition to their love, to the final moving scenes in which Browning wins his bride. The Victorian scene is superbly realized. Never is a tawdry note permitted to intrude. It is life as you like to believe the Barretts and Mr. Browning really lived it; and it is rare romance that you can thrill to whether you're a brisk modern or just an old sentimentalist. Sidney Franklin has directed with even more than his customary charm and penetration, and he has the most inspired cast of the season. I mentioned Maureen O'Sullivan, as the heroine's sprightlier sister, proves herself the brightest potential star among the younger actresses. She's a delight. All in all, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is a cinema classic, perhaps the most intelligent motion picture so far made.



Cleopatra Paramount



You won't be disappointed! Here is the master of spectacle, director Cecil B. DeMille, at his gaudiest and most glamorous. You've never seen such a glittering scene as that on *Cleopatra's* barge; it's beyond belief. But you'll enjoy it. And you've never met such a saucy heroine as Claudette Colbert's "Queen of the Nile"—incredible, but you'll love her! Shakespeare might have shuddered, but you'll probably gurgle, as I did, at the gay goings-on in Egypt and Rome when *Cleopatra* held sway over the noblest Roman of them all. The dialogue has a curious way of alternating between the raciness of Noel Coward and the resonance of the Bard of Avon, so sometimes you'll be a little confused; and the character of Cleo herself is always a little in doubt between a Mae West and a Marlene Dietrich; but this simply makes the picture more entertaining. It may not be good history but it's darned good DeMille; and personally, I demand DeMille movies as part of my film fare because they really move—you'll never see more stirring battle scenes, or triumphal processions. La Colbert, is more than ever dazzling and delicious. The "new" Henry Wilcoxon is decidedly interesting.



The Fountain RKO-Radio



Fine, adult drama, this splendid screening of Charles Morgan's novel has power and pathos for picture-goers who appreciate quiet drama and charm of characterization. Seldom have I enjoyed a picture more, but I must warn you that "The Fountain" flows slowly, and you must be patient with the painstaking method in which director John Cromwell builds his situations and molds his moods. The detail of this screenplay is exquisitely, carefully wrought; and the terrific emotional conflict, when it does occur, is all the more potent. Briefly, the story concerns the lovely wife of a German officer, who falls in love with an Englishman during the war. The husband returns from the front badly wounded, and the wife is torn between—yes, you've guessed it—love and duty; but the old triangular theme is so beautifully handled that it becomes brilliant and fresh and fascinating. The players are superb, with Ann Harding throwing off her shackles and becoming once more an inspired actress; with Brian Aherne proving an actor of excellence; and Paul Lukas—he'll tear you to pieces with a performance second to none in screen annals—and you may quote me on that!



British Agent Warners



A new screen team, Kay Francis and Leslie Howard, make their bow in this picture, and I think you'll like them. The stormy beauty of Kay and the fine and sensitive romanticism of Mr. Howard are well matched, and their vehicle offers opportunity for full expression of their so-different talents. Bruce Lockhart's best-selling autobiography provides the background for the screen story, but don't expect all the realistic episodes of the book in the cinema translation, for you won't find them. Sorry! The adventures of a British agent in Russia during the war are colorfully recounted, but lack the authentic flavor of the original. Hollywood's cardinal sin is committed once more, i.e. thrusting the love affair of two persons ahead of world cataclysms in importance. Of course we all want to see our movie lovers live happily ever after, but there are a few little matters such as the Russian revolution that need faithful attention, too. However, the love scenes of the co-stars are admirably enacted, with sincerity and conviction, against the bewildering background; the glimpses of life in diplomatic circles interesting; and the cast, notably William Gargan and Ivan Simpson, efficient.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films



Binnie Barnes, above, whom you saw in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," is now in Hollywood, where great things are predicted for Binnie.



Sheila Manners inherits her taste and talent for acting—her mother was Corinne Grant, once well known in films. Sheila's a red-head with blue eyes.



Florence Rice, above, began her acting career on the Broadway stage. Now her ambition is to be a screen star.



Baby Jane, above, is three years old and recently signed a contract. Will she prove another Shirley Temple?



G. P. Huntley, Jr., right. Look for him in "Servants' Entrance," and judge if you think he will become a star of tomorrow!

You need no introduction to Ann Sothorn, below, one of the most brilliant of the newcomers seeking highest honors.



Billie Seward, above, quit musical comedy for the screen. After several small parts Billie is scheduled for more ample rôles.



Right, John Beal. Two years ago he refused film offers, wanted more stage experience. Now John is ready.



Tomorrow's

Meet more young hopefuls in this concluding article in the series introducing today's candidates for screen stardom

Frances Drake, and Helen Mack, who were recently boosted to featured rôles by Paramount—(feature billing is just below stardom); Pat Paterson and Alice Faye, both of whom have been promoted to stardom by Fox; and others.

On this, our final tour, we will travel to Universal City, five miles outside of Hollywood, then back to the Columbia Studio, near the heart of Hollywood, and thence to the Radio Pictures Studio. Lots of traveling, so let's get going. We're off! Out Hollywood Boulevard past Sardi's, Warners' Theatre, the Roosevelt Hotel, Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Past Hollywood Bowl, the home of those celebrated symphony concerts under the stars. Over historic Calhoun, and there,

C LIMB on the wagon, folks, and we're off for a visit to the Columbia, Radio, and Universal Studios, where we will meet the young hopefuls of those various picture companies. By "young hopefuls" I mean the several newcomers we will find under contract, all being given their opportunities to develop into screen importance.

SCREENLAND's tour of the studios began several months ago, when this magazine undertook to escort you personally around Hollywood, there to introduce you to scores of promising young players from whose ranks will be chosen many of tomorrow's stars.

Earlier in this tour, you met such shining lights as Jean Parker, who has borne out our prediction and has already been elevated to stardom by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios; Evelyn Venable,

STARS?

By
James M. Fidler

nestling at the foot of the Santa Monica mountains, stretches Universal City, principally comprised of the Universal Studios.

June Knight meets us at the portals. June really needs no introduction. She is the California girl who went East to win a reputation. Before her trip to New York, she doubled for Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari." She earned fame as a dancer, was reported engaged to Max Baer, and made a success on the Broadway stage. June is five feet, five inches tall, has deep blue eyes, and taffy-colored hair. She weighs 119 pounds. You'll be seeing her soon in her latest picture, "Wake Up and Dream."

All Hollywood is talking "Binnie Barnes" at the moment. Binnie is Universal's newest contractee, brought over from London. She has been on the English stage for several years, and more recently she has appeared in British-made motion pictures, among them "Down Our



Of course you know June Knight, above. June doubled for Garbo in "Mata Hari," before making the stage reputation which led to a film contract.

Hazel Forbes, below, former Follies girl, immensely wealthy, but wants a career in pictures and is working hard for stardom.



Roger Pryor, left. His studio chiefs think Roger is destined to become the most popular male star since Valentino! Are they right?



Jane Wyatt, above, was summoned to Hollywood from the New York stage and won a long term contract right off.



Julie Haydon resembled Ann Harding so much she was cast as Ann's daughter in "The Conqueror" and has been under contract ever since.



Steffi Duna, above, whose work in "Man of Two Worlds" won her a contract, and who scored again in "La Cucaracha."

Fred Keating, left, makes his debut in "The Captain Hates the Sea." Fred was a stage actor.



Above, James Blakely, socialite who aspires to screen honors, also, makes his bow in films soon.

Street," "The Private Life of Henry VIII," and Gregory Ratoff's "Forbidden Territory." You may see her opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Return of Don Juan," when that London-produced film comes to our country.

Miss Barnes is five feet, six inches tall; she weighs 122 pounds, and she has dark brown eyes and reddish hair, which is bobbed. Universal is counting heavily on her future.

G. P. Huntley, Jr., and Roger Pryor loom as this studio's most promising newcomers, and, since the tragic and untimely death of Russ Columbo, the mainstays of Universal's young male talent now being groomed for stardom. That Universal chiefs are casting these actors with great care for their future development as popular personalities is a distinct advantage to them.

Returning to G. P. Huntley, Jr., we (Continued on page 92)

Radio Parade

Getting the intimate slant on stars of the ether by personal contact in and about the broadcasting studios!

By
Tom
Kennedy



Radio fans told Jack Benny he ought to be in pictures, and Hollywood producers agreed, so at the left you see Jack in a scene with Nancy Carroll for the new production!

JACK BENNY slumped into a deep-seated wing chair, pulled around him his dressing gown—of navy blue silk spangled with red dots about the size of a nickel—and yawned three times.

"Excuse me," he said.

I nodded. Why shouldn't I excuse him? This was the morning after, wasn't it? A chap certainly has a right to be *yawney* on a morning after, hasn't he?

With another yawn, Jack Benny acknowledged my generosity. Perhaps I'd better explain that this wasn't one of those "mornings after" that the impromptu medicos behind the soda fountains minister to with draughts that fizz and foam as though ill-content themselves with their lot in life. No! This was a morning after a Jack Benny broadcast. And if you don't think there is a "let-down" after the tension of preparing a show and sending it over the air, just try writing a script, rehearsing yourself and half a dozen others to perfect timing, gags, music and the other details of a radio show, and then putting it on!

But we SCREENLANDERS didn't come up here to the Benny apartment to look at Jack yawning as he sat in a chair framed against the window which overlooked Central Park from twenty-one stories above street level, did we?

What we want to know is how does it feel to be on top in the new air industry, also star of a picture, "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round," and preparing to star in a Broadway stage show.

"Well, I don't feel any different," Jack says as he straightens up and looks at us intently. "No different than I did when I was struggling along in my early vaudeville days. The only difference is, you worry more!"

And there you have it! I say, and you say, that Jack Benny and his wife Mary Livingstone, signed to radio contracts which place them among the highest paid performers on the air, when the picture and stage salaries are added, are "sitting pretty." Jack says he is more worried than ever. And maybe he's right about having plenty to worry over.

Consider for a moment what it means.

"I start the show about the time that my new radio series commences. Sunday, the one day of rest an actor can count on, I must do a broadcast—two broadcasts, for we are to repeat the program at a later hour for rebroadcasting from the coast stations."

"Well, how did you make out in Hollywood during the nine weeks there of making a picture?" we ask.

"It was all right," came the answer. "Something like a vacation, though I consider acting in pictures more difficult than either the stage or radio. You have so many mechanical or technical factors to consider—the camera, the microphone, camera lines marked out in chalk to watch out for without giving away the fact that you are watching out for them. There's lots to working in pictures, but I like it.

"I hope," he went on, "the (Continued on page 91)

New Fashions in Faces!

Dolores Del Rio believes a complexion should be smooth as silk when worn with velvet!



By
Josephine
Felts

There are several good reasons for the new elegance in fashion. One of the best of them is the lady above!

THERE are new and exciting fashions in faces! The trend is all toward elegance; toward make-up colors that are clearer, brighter; toward provocative eyes that have fascinating things to say for themselves; toward velvety, satin-soft skins.

For elegance has come upon us in fashions in clothes, and faces must keep in step. The new fabrics glimmer and glow. There is the ripple of silks, the soft silence of velvet, the shine of satin, the sparkle of jewels and all things bright and glittering. Glamor is once more written in capital letters, both indoors and out.

It will pay you now to keep your eye on Dolores Del Rio, because she expresses this new passion for elegance to perfection. Her smoldering dark eyes, clear-cut face, full curved lips, soft black hair and flair for clothes have made her a glamorous ideal the world over. A perfect brunette, vivid, modern, she is a fashion in herself. She is color, warmth, verve, tenderness, all in one. And in an era of contrast, sophistication, and elegance, she is High Fashion and well worth study.

But what does this mean to you and to me, I hear you ask. Elegance is all right. Glamor is all right. And Dolores Del Rio is very beautiful. But my nose turns up, your chin is too round, and Sue's skin is anything but perfect. How about it?

It is true that being-made-beautiful is an individual

matter. There are no rules that fit all faces. You must discover your own rules for yourself.

"Try to imagine me with baby blue eyes, and fluffy hair!" Dolores once said.

You are right, Lady. We can't! What is more, we wouldn't want to. And no more would we want to imagine you and you and you as something you are not. But discover the rules for your own best self. Apply them with care and you will be surprised how much better you look, how much happier you feel.

This season, if we would be in style and in tune with the world in which we live, our faces must keep pace with the new elegance in clothes. The skin must be clear, fine, and smooth; eyes made up with restraint but definitely glamorous, even in daytime; lips carefully outlined in full rich color. And perfume has a most important rôle to play.

Remember that the girl who is well groomed thinks of herself as a complete whole. She realizes that her appearance is only as lovely as the most unlovely thing about her. This is a hard lesson to learn. It is harder still to live up to. But it is the beginning of beauty wisdom.

Never make up so that your powder, rouge, or mascara are admired for themselves. That is to fail in the gentle art of beauty. The (Continued on page 84)

ACQUIRE *that* HOLLYWOOD FIGURE!

Follow the guidance given the screen stars! Our series, with complete and authentic exercises and advice by James Davies, Hollywood physical culturist, will help you if you'll help yourself!

THIS time we're going to talk about legs! Just because hem lines no longer hover around the knees is no reason that you can afford to have a fourteen or fifteen inch knee measurement. Thick ankles can't be hidden under long skirts.

I'm told that fashions for 1935 include skirts slit to the knee—front, back, or sides—and only the girl with the slender leg is going to feel comfortable in them. If you've been wearing shorts, in spite of bulges or angles, you know what I mean; and if you want to compare favorably with Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert, you'd better see what can be done to trim down or build up.

Screen stars pay particular attention to shapely legs, whether or not they happen to play rôles that call for a display of them. Strange as it may seem, though, calls for help to me are usually concerned with building up too slender underpinnings. At present, Carole Lombard is coming to me because she thinks she needs a little more flesh on her too-slim legs.

For Carole, of course, I use massage, as well as exercise, but for those of you who cannot avail yourselves of the services of a masseur, I'd like to recommend the bicycle. It's one of the finest things in the world both for reducing and for building up, like swimming.

When you wish to build up the calf of your leg, take your bicycle riding easy and ride slowly, always remembering to breathe deeply. Start in and ride a little at a time, say, half a mile the first day; farther the second day and so on. But try to be regular about it. That goes for *all* exercise. If you bicycle for a week and then forget it for ten days and go to it again, you'll lose the benefit of the exercise.

As I said before, the bicycle is also an excellent vehicle for reducing. If your legs are too large, mount your bicycle and go in for the sport strenuously. This will tear down the fat quicker than anything else. For quick reducing, wear a pair of rubber bathing trunks under flannel shorts—this is a splendid reducer for hips and thighs, but you must go in for riding with all your might and main, if you are looking for swift results.

Bicycle riding is the finest thing in the world for

Gertrude Michael's curves are dangerous—but only in an alluring way! Miss Michael keeps fit and beautiful, and her reward is a featured contract. Well, you can listen to Mr. Davies, too, and follow his instructions, if you're serious about winning health and beauty.



weak or stiff ankles or fallen arches. Press the pedal into the ball of the foot, firmly, to get the best results.

If you can't get a bicycle, fall back on the bicycle exercise, which is done like this:

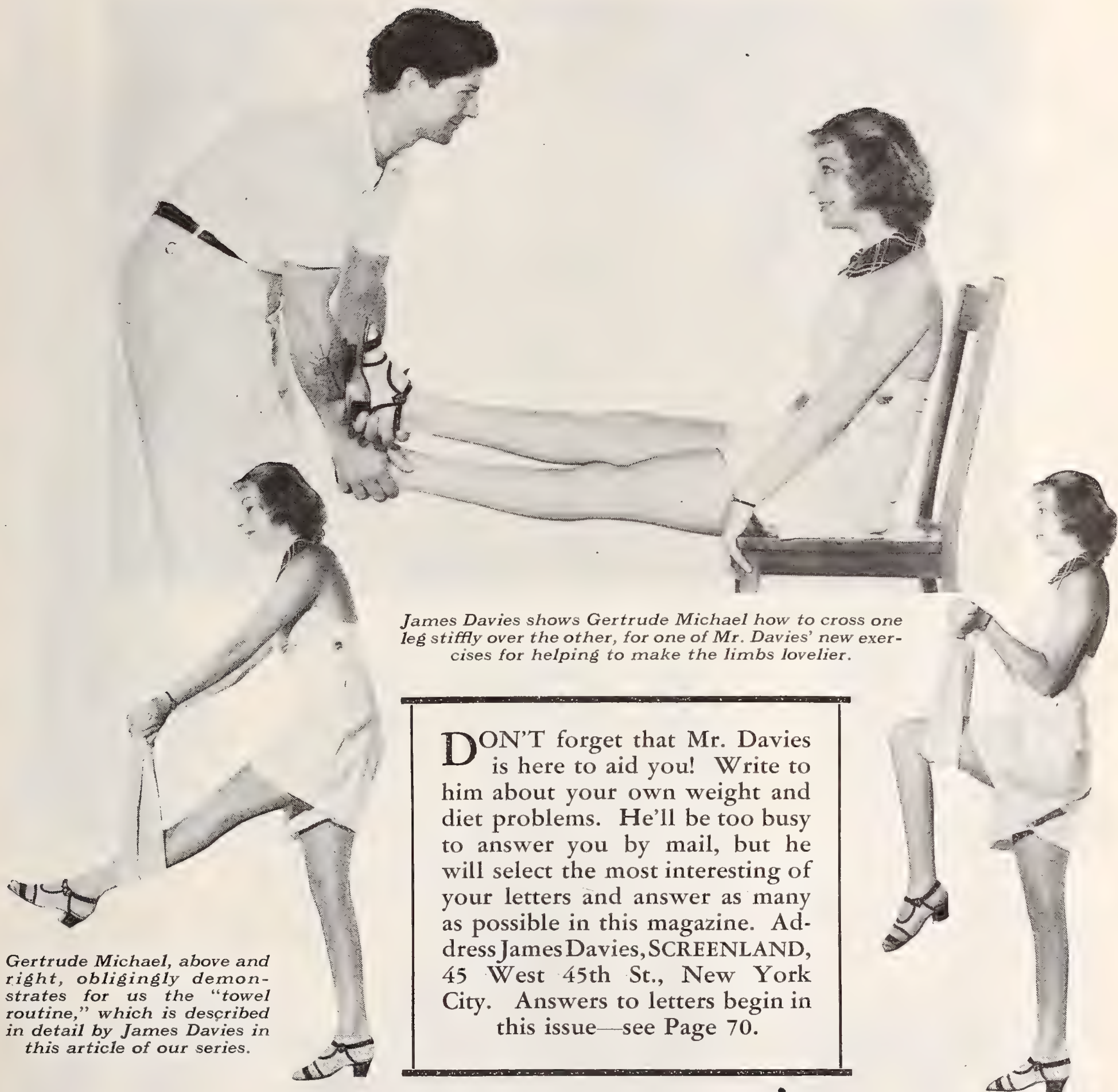
Lie flat on your back on the floor; raise both legs straight up until you are practically lying on your neck; support your waist with your two hands and bicycle your legs madly in the air.

Here are a few exercises for *building up* the legs that I always recommend to my clients. Place hands on hips, feet together. Rise on toes, then bend the knees, holding your body erect; then upward stretch again and lower the heels to the floor. If you do this rhythmically a dozen times morning and evening, you will surely develop your leg.

This is especially for the calves: Put a book on the

Defeat Those Dangerous Curves or Angles!

Let James Davies Advise You!



James Davies shows Gertrude Michael how to cross one leg stiffly over the other, for one of Mr. Davies' new exercises for helping to make the limbs lovelier.

DON'T forget that Mr. Davies is here to aid you! Write to him about your own weight and diet problems. He'll be too busy to answer you by mail, but he will select the most interesting of your letters and answer as many as possible in this magazine. Address James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York City. Answers to letters begin in this issue—see Page 70.

Gertrude Michael, above and right, obligingly demonstrates for us the "towel routine," which is described in detail by James Davies in this article of our series.

floor. Hands on hips. Place your toes on the book, your heels on the floor. Balance up on the toes, down on the heels. Up and down, up and down, a dozen times. This is best done to music.

Every day girls come to me, discouraged over their figures but excusing themselves for not doing anything about excess or under weight because "I'm so busy, I haven't time to exercise" or "I can't remember to do them" or "I do them when I happen to think of them, but I have to get up so early, or I go to bed so late, or it's never convenient to go through a routine, or I'm not situated so I can have a place to do them."

Now *that's* applesauce!

Here are several perfectly painless ways of exercising, even in company. You often see girls sitting on tables, swinging their legs, don't you? Well, those girls are exercising, even if they don't know it!

Sit on a table—or if you can't use a table a chair will do. Put your legs out straight in front of you. Holding them stiff, swing them up and down. Now then, both legs straight out as before, hold the right leg stiff, and cross the left one over it, stiffly; then swing them in that position. Next, try the left leg underneath.

(Continued on page 69)

SCREENLAND'S SPECIAL FASHION GUIDE



Clothes that are "Cleopatra"-conscious! Claudette Colbert shows you the modern version of the creations worn by the Queen of the Nile

Left, Claudette wearing a "Cleopatra" adaptation which she has included in her own personal wardrobe for Fall. It is a hostess gown of raspberry crêpe, with a tunic silhouette and a scarab motif at the throat and wrists. Designed by Banton.



Right, a Banton modernization of a "Cleopatra" costume in shimmering, deep blue satin, molded to the figure to the knees. The jeweled collar, in a lotus flower pattern, is an Egyptian note.

Below, Frances Drake shows you the "Cleopatra" trend in shoes. Jeweled sandals provide the smart way for a girl to keep both pretty feet on the ground!

Frances Drake echoes the "Cleopatra" influence with the rhinestone-studded diadem she is wearing, below.



And here in this close-up, below, Miss Drake models for us another glittering ornament for the evening coiffure.



Everything new! The suit, the hat, the girl! She is Margo, the latest screen sensation, discovered as a dancer in New York by Ben Hecht and now the possessor of an important film contract. Her suit of clever checked tweed boasts slim lines and square buttons; her hat a jaunty feather.



Dolores Del Rio has won international attention for her invariable chic and charm. Not only Hollywood, but all points East and West, North and South sit up and take notice when Dolores sponsors a muff for evening—see, above, the silver fox creation, carried with the brief evening cape of silver fox and velvet.



If it's new and if it's smart, one of the screen actresses will be wearing it! Here are some advance notes of interest to every girl who would be fashion-wise

Del Rio, at the right, wears a Fall fur ensemble: fitted elbow-length cape with ascot scarf, and one of the new huge flat muffs which replace the round little muffs of last season. The hat that Dolores is wearing, by the way, is very new and very smart—a fedora, carried out in brown velvet. Helen Hayes wears a similar model in her portrait in this month's rotogravure gallery.





It's mutiny! Gloria Stuart beats Hoot Gibson to the draw—and that's a feat. Is Hoot surprised or charmed?



Good news! Paul Muni poses in his make-up for his new rôle—and a new Muni picture is always good news!

FOR the first time in more than ten years, there is a threatened war between Bing Crosby and Richard Arlen, and you just know that their babies would be the cause of it all.

The truth is, although the Arlen baby is some two weeks older than the Crooner's first-born, Bing's baby can walk—and Dick's cannot. So Crosby sits and beams while his youngster trots about; and Arlen only clamps his jaws shut, and frowns.

But just wait, says Arlen. His baby is huskier, (which is a fact), and when he is able to walk, says Dick, he'll be chasing that Crosby youngster all over the neighborhood!

APPARENTLY Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is "off Hollywood for life." All of his California real estate and personal belongings have been put up for sale by a Hollywood agent.

Meanwhile, Fairbanks has told friends he will make his home in England.

Here's

The talk and the news of the picture people!

IS Jean Harlow having fun at the expense of the newspaper reporters and columnists? You couldn't exactly blame her if she is, because they've certainly had their fun at Jean's expense during the past.

At any rate, Miss Harlow and William Powell have the newspaper boys in a state of puzzled uproar. They don't know whether Jean and Bill are in love, or whether the two are just playing around together because they can't find anybody else quite as sociable.

Jean says to close friends, however, that she is not in love with Powell, and that Bill is not in love with her. Therefore, you may take with your tongue-in-your-cheek all reports of matrimonial inclinations. Besides, Jean is still Mrs. Hal Rosson, and at this writing she evidences no immediate intention of seeking a divorce.

THEY'RE telling it that when Harold Lloyd was in New York, he was invited to the opening of the picture, "Cleopatra."

"I saw 'Cleopatra' in Hollywood," Lloyd answered the invitation.

"What! Cleopatra in Hollywood!" roared the New Yorker. "She wouldn't have a chance—with Mae West there!"

PREPARATIONS are being made in the household of Clara Bow and Rex Bell for the arrival of a boy-baby, in November. If it isn't a boy, Clara and Rex will be sorely disappointed. Clara says she wants two babies—a boy and a girl. She wants the boy first. If her wish is granted, the new-comer will be named for his father.



Quaintly confidential! Marian Marsh and Betty Blythe, above, in a scene from "A Girl of the Limberlost," the screen version of Gene Stratton Porter's novel.



Troupers, and buddies, too! Lee Tracy and David Jack Holt, the new juvenile star, are good pals, ever since their picture together, in which one tried to out-troupe the other!

Hollywood!

By
Weston East

A BIG movie close-up with fine lighting to Ann Harding. When one of the boys of the R-K-O publicity department wrote a book and had it published, Ann volunteered to appear on a radio program, free of charge, to help the new author exploit his brain-child. Inasmuch as Miss Harding has refused large sums of money to make radio appearances, her act was the more noteworthy.

Not to be outdone in goodness by Miss Harding, SCREENLAND also congratulates Tom Lennon, author of "The Laughing Journey"—(the publicity writer and his book). Double congratulations, because the book *isn't* about Hollywood.

THERE are certain slight disadvantages to having tiny, (in stature), stars in pictures, one director learned.

Out at Fox, a director returned from luncheon, and he began a search, which eventually became a frantic chase, for his script. It couldn't be found anywhere, though assistants and property men looked high and low.

After half an hour, the script was discovered. Little Shirley Temple had luncheon on the set, and because she couldn't reach the table from an ordinary chair, her private tutor used books and things to lift her higher. The script was one of the elevating devices.

PERHAPS this'll make you chuckle: A face-lifting doctor, to whom several veteran actors and actresses have gone for *that purpose*, is named Dr. Updegraph. Translated, the name means "Up the face"—and it's his real name, too!



Paid to eavesdrop! The sound engineer listens as Dick Powell tells Josephine Hutchinson she's lovely.

AS THIS is written, there is a movement afoot in Hollywood to establish a memorial to Marie Dressler, who was Hollywood's most beloved woman.

The most logical answer to the question, "What shall that memorial be?" is: A home or clinic for aged or broken-down actors and actresses.

During the final years of her life, Miss Dressler gave huge amounts of money for the care of destitute actors. She maintained quarters for them, both in New York and in the West.

The money for the erection of such a home, it has been pointed out, could easily be raised by the production and release of a single motion picture. There probably is not a star in all Hollywood who would not volunteer to work in such a picture.

At least a million dollars would be the net profit from such an undertaking. That sum would be sufficient to establish not only a perpetual, but a beneficial, memorial to Marie Dressler.



Will and Shirley! Two great screen "names," fellow workers at the same studio and good friends, as you see.



He's ticklish! Eddie Cantor can't help laughing though Ethel Merman is picking his pocket—but it's all in fun anyway, because it's for a scene in "Kid Millions."



Glorious rebellion! La Swanson turns her back on John Boles and Reginald Owen—but that's what the script calls for in her return vehicle, "Music in the Air."



Janet comes home! The Gaynor girl has had a vacation abroad, and above, waves "hello" to us on her return.

ONCE upon a time Jack Oakie boasted that if all his relatives in his old home state attended pictures in which he appeared, he'd be a success. Oakie hinted that he must have a thousand or more relatives.

Well, Jack can take a back seat—far back. Anna May Wong is the world champion relative-haver, as far as the movies are concerned. In the United States alone, Anna May estimates that she has ten thousand uncles, aunts, cousins and general kin. She is a member of the Wong tong, and the Wongs are more plentiful than beans at a Boston picnic.



A grin from Garbo! An unusual and unusually winning mood is revealed by the star in the pose above.



Old New England custom! Director Alexander Hall instructs Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett in a scene for "The Pursuit of Happiness" a play about early American courtship.



Novarro is back from his South American concert tour. Above, Ramon and his sister, Carmen.

MONTHS ago, this department of SCREENLAND termed the separation of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, "the most tragically important marital rift in Hollywood." The parting of Mary and Doug was by way of being a world calamity.

We also clung tenaciously to our declaration that this quarrel would eventually be patched, and that Mary and Doug would reconcile. Our statements to this effect were most generally hooted down.

We still cling to the thought. For months, the Fairbankses have been carrying on secret trans-Atlantic telephone conversations. As this is written Doug and Mary have met and talked in Hollywood. Though up to this writing neither would speak for publication, a statement was expected momentarily.

Most of Hollywood is hoping the "King and Queen" of the movies will return together; in fact, some of the biggest stars and most important producers are striving to bring it about. And remember, if they do re-unite, SCREENLAND will feel privileged to join the "I told you so" boosters.

ROMANCE AND RUE-MANCE DEPT:

THE wedding of Marian Nixon and William Seiter was first predicted in this department several months ago. If you read the item, you'll remember that Dan Cupid first arrowed the hearts of Marian and Bill ten years ago, when they were in love at Universal, where both were under contract. But Bill wed Laura La Plante, and Miss Nixon took unto herself another.

Eventually, both were divorced. Marian, in fact, was married and divorced a second time. A few months ago, when they again met at R-K-O studio, where Seiter directed Miss Nixon in a picture, the old flame flared anew—and now they are Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter.

And they do be saying that Virginia Pine and George Raft may one day face the altar together, after all. Reports pro and con have sounded and resounded for the past several months, with more guesses against marriage than for it. At last reports, Virginia has admitted that she may wed Raft—and he hasn't denied.

After a slight slowdown, due to personal, momentary coolness, the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone romance is aflame once more—so much so, in fact, that the gossips have quit saying that Jean Harlow will steal Franchot from Joan.

Could it be possible that the Jean Parker-Frank Lucas childhood romance is in danger of fading? For years, Jean would look at no other. When gossips tried to make something of her friendship with Tom Brown, Jean stopped seeing Brown, although they were good friends, in order to silence the rumors. But of late little Miss Parker has been seeing a member of her studio publicity department as often in the evening as during business hours—and she's not quitting that to silence the gossips. So what?

JOSEPH SCHENCK, one of the most important of the motion picture producers, admitted from Europe that he is engaged to marry Merle Oberon, whom you'll remember in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth." But despite Schenck's admission of an engagement, (he calls it a "trial engagement"), there are those unbelievers who declare it is all a publicity stunt, and they point out that Miss Oberon

Anna Sten, Actress and Woman!

Continued from page 51

allowed to see Miss Sten, I was warned that I might be disappointed.

"She is so gorgeous on the screen," Mr. Goldwyn's right-hand man said to me, "that no human being could possibly be as beautiful in reality. I don't mean to say," the executive hastened to add, "that Miss Sten is not lovely, because she is. Oh, very lovely! But I don't want you to visit her in anticipation of the physically perfect creature you saw in 'Nana' and 'We Live Again.'"

He need not have warned me. Anna Sten, in person, is dazzlingly beautiful. More important, she is *femininely* beautiful. None of the padded-shoulders of Marlene Dietrich. None of the gaunt, tragic aloofness of Greta Garbo. Instead, Miss Sten possesses a warm, charming femininity that makes her—well, adorable. Perhaps that word is bromidic, but it is surely fitting.

She belongs in the category of "simple livers." Perhaps that is due to her Swedish blood. Although she was born in Kiev, Russia, and her father was a Russian dancer and traveling troubadour, her mother was Swedish. Anna inherits her mother's natural liking for simplicity. She dresses plainly, (but fashionably), she lives an ordinary sort of daily life, she chooses for amusement the most wholesome entertainment, such as picture shows, early morning walks through her gardens, play-time hours with her step-child and the family dogs, and puttering around among the flower-beds at her home.

Like others in Hollywood who belong in this same "category of simple livers"—(and how few they are in numbers—Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer, Margaret Sullavan, Barbara Stanwyck, and perhaps enough more to make a dozen)—Miss Sten is rarely seen at night clubs, first nights and premieres, gay Mayfair parties, or other such festive events.

Her principal interests in life are her career and her marriage. I name the career before the marriage, not because she subjects her home life utterly to her work, but because Miss Sten said to me:

"My career is my life. When I was born, it was born. When it dies, I want to die! I will never retire; I will always find something to do, on the screen or stage. I will work until—death!"

"I give everything that's in me to my work. For that reason, perhaps, I am fortunate in that I must make only two pictures a year. If I made more, I would soon wreck my health."

"For days after completion of my pictures, I am in a state of nervous agitation. I cannot sleep; I cannot eat. I walk and walk and walk, for hours. I go to the studio and pace up and down in my dressing-room. Have you ever visited a zoo and watched a restless tiger move to and fro in his cage? That's the way I am for days after I finish a picture."

"For this reason, I dread the completion of a picture. Just as I am elated when I am about to start a new production, so am I saddened by the cameraman's cry, 'It's in the bag.'" (Author's note: "It's in the bag" is studio slang, indicating that the final scene of a picture has been taken and is, from a technical point of view, all right). "I give myself so devotedly to work, and I love my career so much, that when I complete the final scene and walk away, it is like bidding goodbye to someone I love dearly."

"Because I do give my whole heart to my work, it would kill me to be forced into a picture that I disliked. I get so

close to a story, it becomes a part of me. I couldn't force myself to act if I hated the story. It would be like having to eat a distasteful food every day for weeks and months. My stomach would revolt against the food; my nerves would revolt against a poor story."

As her words must indicate, Miss Sten is a seriously-inclined woman. Yet she likes to laugh, and she does laugh attractively. It is a full, wholesome laugh; it lights up her entire face. Unlike so many laughs, it lingers on her lips. Perhaps it is the more wholesome because Miss Sten has full, lovely lips, and strong, beautiful teeth. Her teeth and lips look healthy, just as Anna herself looks healthy. This appearance of good health is enhanced by a lack of make-up. She never uses cosmetics to beautify herself; not even lip rouge. She doesn't need them.

Even when she is before the camera, Miss Sten's only make-up is a light powder, to eliminate "perspiration shine" that is so fatal to good photography. She also uses a very slight tint of lipstick. She does not use grease-paint, eye-shadow and other make-up common to other actresses. Her skin is of such fine texture that make-up is unnecessary.

I talked with Miss Sten twice before I wrote this story. Once in her studio dressing-room, and again at her home. Each time she was dressed in the most simple comfortable attire. At the studio she wore a pair of loose-fitting trousers and a soft, clinging blouse. On some women, such garb might cause its wearer to lose her femininity; on Anna, the very clothes themselves assume her gender. Perhaps it is because her figure is so decidedly feminine. Or perhaps because the blouse had no sleeves, and Miss Sten's arms are round and soft; no women with such arms could be anything but entirely feminine.

On the occasion of our second meeting at her home, she was clad in brightly colored lounging-pajamas—the kind that social

etiquette now decrees quite proper for informal wear when a lady entertains at home.

Miss Sten seems to be just a little bit out of place in the new home she has built at Santa Monica beach, near Hollywood (if it is possible for so charming a person to seem out of place anywhere). The house is extremely modern—and somehow, she is old-fashioned. But let me tell you about her beach home.

Situated on the face of a sloping hill that runs into the sea, this house—that Sten-built is constructed in the most modern manner, of steel, stucco and glass. Indeed, it might be said that Anna lives in a "glass house," because the entire front, upstairs and down, is made up of window after window, with narrow separating panels of steel to hold the large, glass panes in place.

Inside, the architect has incorporated many unusual features. All doors slide open and shut, for instance. The living-room and dining-room may be made into one great hall by the complete opening of such sliding doors, and two other lower floor rooms may also become a part of this hall by a similar process.

The bedrooms are on the second floor, and each bedroom is a suite to itself, with a private bath and a spacious dressing-room. There are three such luxurious layouts in the house.

Although the house is only a few yards from the sea, there is a swimming pool. Of course, this is not an unusual feature, because other stars with beach homes also have swimming pools. Norma Shearer can stand on her veranda, for example, and toss rocks into the ocean—but in tossing, she must throw the stones over her own swimming pool. Marion Davies' vast beach estate has a private pool that is only slightly less expansive than the ocean.

Miss Sten's landscaping, done after the terrace style so popular in Russia, is being done entirely by herself. More than that, she may be found, on those days

when she is not called to the studio, clad in denim overalls or beach pajamas, down on her hands and knees beside this or that flower bed, coaxing tiny green shoots into large, flower-bearing bushes.

After a pleasant tour of the house, Miss Sten told me something of her childhood. Her early life was made miserable by the great war and the suffering that befell Russian people of the lower classes. She was a peasant girl, and often during her childhood there was far from enough food, and not nearly enough clothes to shield her young body from Russia's icy winter-cold.

After the end of the war, her father returned, and he was able to provide more food and clothes. He was even able to send his daughter, now grown into a lanky girl with yellow, thick hair, to dancing school. She showed great promise, too, but suddenly her whole life seemed doomed when she fell from a tree limb and injured her body. For nine months she was unable to leave her bed, due to paralysis that set in after the fall. Only her own faith that she would get well, and her own never-ending efforts to regain control of the paralyzed nerves and muscles, cured the girl.

After her recovery, she managed to secure work in minor parts with a stock company in Kiev. She loved her work, but she was forced to give it up when her father died and she had to get a steady job. This job was as art editor of "The Truth In Kiev," a local newspaper. She used her few spare hours, before and after the daily office routine, to continue her study of the stage. There was one period when she did little studying, however; that was when she held two jobs simultaneously. Her mother had become very ill, and needed special foods and medicines. To get the money for these, Miss Sten took a second job at a restaurant.

All of these hardships befell Miss Sten before she was fifteen years of age. She was just fifteen when, through a friend who had seen her work and believed in her talent, Anna won a job with Inkijinoff, one of Russia's most famous actor-directors. After three years under his guidance, she joined the first of her companies, of

pictures in Hollywood. She was happier because she knew that in Hollywood she could make finer pictures. The mere name of Hollywood, she says, held no real thrill for her.

Anna Sten, the woman, has some glorious plans. They include children—at least two. They include constant marriage to the same man—Dr. Eugene Frenke. They include a continuance of the same simple style of living that her little family now enjoys. Laughingly, Anna told



on its way to the beach for an outing."

Miss Sten also mentioned her first trip to New York after the production of "Nana." She slipped into the metropolis, and registered at a prominent hotel under her married name. Meanwhile, her picture opened with a noisy bang. Anna Sten was hailed as a great, new star, and of course the reporters and writers of both Hollywood and New York searched for her frantically. All this while, Miss Sten remained hidden in the hotel, so frightened by all the hullabaloo that she dared not come out into the open. She eventually returned to Hollywood without the Sobols, Sullivans, Winchells and other Broadway columnists ever learning her whereabouts.

Anna Sten, the actress, also has brilliant plans. She wants to star in pictures that will be remembered. She cares little for the financial remuneration that her career brings—the business details she leaves to her husband. She reveres Bernhardt and Duse, because their work will live through the years. She believes that some day there will be a Bernhardt and Duse of the screen, and they will be much greater, because while the careers of those two great stage actresses can only be remembered the work of a screen actress is recorded on film and can be kept always. Miss Sten would like to become that great screen Bernhardt or Duse.

To look at Miss Sten is to feel certain that she will do all that she has set forth to accomplish. Her large, blue-grey eyes that are so beautiful are also able to grow intense and determined. The full, red lips that look so softly crushable can tighten into a straight, grim line. The soft, lusciously-curved body that is so distinctly feminine appears to harbor considerable reserve strength.

There are men in life who *look* as if they are bound to succeed, and who generally do. That same promise of success hovers about Miss Sten. She has already accomplished much, but she will accomplish very much more. She will go on and on because she will conquer obstacles. Conquer them, just as she overcame a lifelong fear before she could accomplish a scene for "We Live Again."

There was a sequence in this picture which demanded that Miss Sten be perched on a tree-limb, high in the air. Now ever since her childhood fall that caused paralysis and nine months in bed, Miss Sten has held a horror for high places. So when an early glance at the script revealed to her that she had to perch on that tree-limb, she went to the director to have the sequence eliminated.

This the director agreed to do, but beforehand, he pointed out to her that the scene would lose much of its dramatic flavor if taken elsewhere than in the tree.

"Then leave it in," Miss Sten said.

Whereupon she went home and practiced sitting on tree-limbs!

She tried limbs close to the ground at first. Gradually, she climbed to higher limbs. Two weeks passed before she conquered her fear of high places, but at the end of that time, she was not afraid to perch on a tree-limb, far above the ground, for the important scene in "We Live Again."

That fear of high places was just as great a mania to Miss Sten as is plunging into deep, underground caves for some people, or being in close, stifled rooms for others. Conquering this fear within a period of two weeks, simply because it meant that one small scene of a motion picture would be slightly better than if she refused to seat herself on the high tree-limb, indicates the determination that is destined to carry Anna Sten, actress and woman, on to greater ultimate success—as the actress, and as the woman.

A New Katherine "The Great"?

Continued from page 32

In addition to looking dramatic, Katherine DeMille has a distinctly tragic background. When she was only seven she lost both her mother and her father, the latter a casualty of the World War. Circumstances forced her into the Los Angeles Orphanage, where Cecil DeMille adopted her when she was eight years old.

As DeMille's daughter one might suppose that her entry into pictures would be nothing short of a triumphal march. On the contrary her father's prominence as one of the biggest directors in the industry made her all the more determined to win her spurs sheerly on her own merit. So sincere was she about this that she adopted the name of Kay Marsh for professional purposes. No one knew that she was Cecil DeMille's daughter. And as Kay Marsh she obtained extra jobs at almost all of the major studios.

"Ever since I played charades and silly things like that as a child, I adored acting," she said enthusiastically, as we headed toward Beverly Hills. "When I went to school in Santa Barbara I worked on all the amateur plays, Milne, Barrie, the usual Little Theatre stuff. I always had in mind acting as a profession."

"When you went into pictures didn't the DeMille influence help you at all?" I asked.

"He didn't even know I was doing picture work," she replied. "The extra jobs were all under the name of Kay Marsh, on the qt. Later on I did some work with him as script girl on 'Four Frightened People.' That was wonderful experience. And of course he allowed me to watch him cut different pictures. He gave me invaluable aid in letting me wander round at will behind the scenes while he was making pictures. But the actual jobs I picked up on my own."

When "Viva Villa" was announced, Katherine learned that her type was required for the peon's wife and, more important, that the picture was to be made in Mexico. That sounded like a swell location, so she went to Metro to be tested. They didn't sign her for the peon's wife, but liked her well enough to give her the second most important woman's rôle.

"The family was away at Catalina when I sneaked the test. When they gave me the better part I was so delighted I wired father the news. I think he was pleased but he didn't let me know until he saw how the picture turned out."

Following her triumphant début in the Mexican story Paramount cast her for "The Trumpet Blows." Katherine clicked definitely, whereupon Paramount signed her on a contract.

The car she was trying out was the gift of her proud father, reward for the Paramount contract.

"This bus hasn't enough power, I'm afraid," she mused as we rolled along Wilshire Boulevard toward the ocean. "I like to go fast." She also likes to dance to the symphonic strains of Lombardo or the rhythm of Ellington. She prefers Gary Cooper to George Raft, and swimming to bridge. She rides horseback as well as a man, limits her parties to eight people, and indicates dislike by touching the tip of her nose disdainfully. She expects to remain single for eight years, but I give her three. Girls as attractive as Katherine don't go round unclaimed very long.

Working in "The Belle of the Nineties," Mae West's much revamped epic, gave Katherine her most complete course of training to date. She belongs to that



Here's proof that a girl of today can be equally charming in the hoop skirts and curls of a past generation! Above, Maureen O'Sullivan in the English garden setting shown in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

fairly devout cult that thinks Miss West a combination of Madame de Stael, George Sand and Eva Tanguay, with a dash of Aimee McPherson and Elinor Glyn thrown in. She told me that she had learned much about acting from Mae, more about showmanship, and most about life, as it is lived in Hollywood.

"Miss West is a brilliant woman," said Katherine. "She has a really amazing sense of the dramatic. If a scene lacks something, I've seen her sit down in the middle of a sequence and rewrite it. And that gives it what was needed. She does write a lot of her own stuff because I've seen her do it. I think she's an amazing person. Really swell."

"That showmanship that she specializes in shouldn't be held as a measure of her real personality. You have to be a showman in show business, you know. Her swan bed and diamonds and hippy walk are her trademarks, but they aren't Mae West herself. Look at my father. When he had a man follow him all over the set with a chair so that he could sit without warning, he did it as a publicity gag. It hit every newspaper in the country. When he received people in a Gothic domed office, with atmosphere laid on a foot thick, he did it for effect. He's really a very shrewd man, a very clever man. He's no artificial poseur. He's a business man. And when he puts an elaborate bathroom scene in a picture he knows it will cause twice as much comment as anybody else's

bathroom scene would cause. So he does it. That's showmanship."

He has not undertaken to coach his daughter or advise her, but she has learned from watching him. She is naturally endowed to be an important figure on the screen. Her wide set eyes, high forehead, and sullenly provocative mouth make her a striking beauty. Then there is her figure.

She has been reared in the lap of luxury but she is not spoiled. Although pictures are her chief interest, sculpture is also a hobby. She dreads becoming Hollywood-minded, incapable of thinking about or discussing anything except pictures.

We stopped at a wayside tavern for a drink. "I'm on tomato juice," she said. "Diet!"

She looks very like a Manhattan debutante. She handles herself surely without being self-conscious; she is noticeable without being affected.

Many a girl might have had the same wonderful opportunity Katherine DeMille had, only to muffle it. Many a girl would have lacked the smartness and perseverance to sit at the feet of Cecil DeMille and learn all there was to learn about show business. And one girl in ten thousand would have bucked the picture game without resorting to the influence of her father's name.

As Kay Marsh this girl made good in a modest way. As Katherine DeMille you will see her name in lights before another winter comes. And that is a prophecy.

The Search for Scenarios

Continued from page 30

a tremendous job it is; what a vast territory it covers, this search for scenarios, then you will perhaps understand why producers are more to be pitied than censured.

There are nine major film companies, as you may know. They produce about 394 feature pictures a year. Their resources are the books published by 480 books publishers all over the world, plays, innumerable short stories, original ideas by staff writers, and stories written around catchy titles. Sometimes, the wife, aunt, or mother of a motion picture producer notices a striking name or trade-mark, on her tour through the shopping district of Los Angeles. She passes it on, and presto—two or more writers are racking their brains, far into the night, in an attempt to evolve a logical scenario around it.

Film companies may buy a play for an enormous sum only to find, much to their regret, that they had utilized the same idea three years previous in a silent picture. Just such a boner occurred only this season, when a company bought an uproarious stage comedy, for \$45,000. They subsequently discovered that one of their stars appeared in a silent film with practically the identical plot. Then, too, they may pay a large sum for a best-seller, forgetting in the tense excitement of bidding with other companies that the novel may have a strong and censorable sex theme.

It is impossible for story supervisors and producers to read every book that is published or to see every play that is produced. Spies, as they are called in the industry, are employed by all companies for this purpose. They see the plays before they open; either at try-outs or at rehearsals. They read books in manuscript form, long before publication. So many books are published, though, that the "spies" hire assistants, who are paid anywhere from five dollars to fifteen a reading, to read stories and scripts as possibilities for pictures.

The go-between is the author's agent. In New York City, alone, there are one hundred of these agents. They contact authors, publishers, and producers. They have the advance tips on the forthcoming "naturals." "Naturals" are books that need only the reading of a short synopsis, to indicate that they have potent film possibilities.

Today, many stage ventures are sponsored, not only with the intention of making money at the box-office, but with the hope that some spy will like it and buy it for the movies. Many failures are thus avoided. The hits are, of course, sold for fabulous prices. "She Loves Me Not" was bought by Paramount to feature Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer purchased "The Shining Hour" for \$45,000 with the intention of starring the one and only Garbo, in this drama of English country life.

The race is so taut, that some film companies have toyed with the idea of backing plays themselves. Others prefer to bid it out, figuring they would lose a lot of money anyway, if their stage shows flopped.

So keen is the competition, that in many cases, these companies will buy books before they know what they're about, so afraid are they that another company will beat them to the post. This happened a year ago, with a book entitled "Only Yesterday," one of 1933's top-notch best-sellers. Metro-Warners, and Universal bid for it, with the latter company, winning out. Imagine Universal's dismay when they discov-



Bride and groom, above, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, whose long-awaited marriage took place in Hollywood on August 25th.

ered upon reading the book, that it was not a novel, but a history of our times, from 1920 to 1932. There wasn't a love interest or hair-raising sequence in the entire book. However, the title had possibilities and a story was written around it. Fortunately they wrote a good one. It elevated Margaret Sullivan to sudden stardom and it was a real success. Nevertheless, someone unwittingly captioned it: "Adapted from the novel of the same name." The theme of the original work had long since been forgotten.

Over-zealous producers of successful plays sometimes rate their properties so high that they scare off potential film buyers. This happened with "Another Language," an over-night hit. It was produced in the early Summer, and even torrid nights could not keep audiences away from it. When picture scouts started to bid for this home-spun, human comedy, the stage producer promptly demanded \$100,000. He never got it. Months later, he came down to \$35,000, and Metro bought it at the bargain price. The night after the opening, Arthur Beckhard, the producer, could easily have sold it for \$65,000.

Broadway columns are avidly combed by Hollywood hawks for any kind of clue, no matter how fragmentary. Smart and exclusive literary teas are attended. A personal interest is taken in every young writer, who has displayed a flair for bigger things. Famous writers like Sinclair Lewis—his latest novel "Work of Art" has been bought by Fox for Will Rogers—Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, and Louis Bromfield, are dated and feted no end, by these enterprising and alert cinematic Sherlock Holmeses.

Perhaps the most amusing story concerns H. M. Warner and his smart and stunning daughter, Doris, who married Mervyn LeRoy, the diminutive director. A group of ambitious Thespians had on their hands a stirring play about men and medicine, but lacked the necessary funds to produce it. Doris read the play, recognized its wide appeal, and subsequently backed it with her own money. Not a word of this

reached her producing parent. The play was "Men in White," a robust hit, now many months of stage age. No sooner had the final curtain dropped on the opening night, than Hollywood's scouts were swarming backstage, eager to be the first to bid. A Warner man was there, but he did not know who had played angel to the show. The business-like Doris, however, forgot family affiliations, and sold the play to the highest bidder, which in this instance was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. When Harry Warner heard that his daughter had actually "sold him out" he was not angry. He was proud. "A real chip off the old block," he told astonished assistants.

Now can you stand a complicated melange? Complications are as common in this search as are temperamental stars. Those energetic publishers who have sold "Bring 'Em Back Alive!" "Wild Cargo," "Little Man, What Now?" and "The First World War" to the film companies, once published a book called "Phantom Fame." This story dealt with the life of Harry Reichenbach, famous film publicist. The book was a failure and quickly faded into oblivion. Yet a sleuth from Radio Pictures read it, and saw a movie possibility in it for Lee Tracy. Radio bought it, but then strangely enough decided to scrap the story and keep only the title. Half way through production, it was decided the title wasn't so hot after all, and that they wouldn't use it. Then a bright young fellow, economically minded, recalled that the use of that title had cost them \$10,000. So they held a conference, as is their wont, (they hold conferences at the drop of a hat), and decided to salvage the story and forget the title. This they did, and they released this merry mix-up under the title of "The Half-Naked Truth."

The search is endless. The public, (this means you and you and you), always demands new stories and unusual angles. Cycles come and go. Gangster pictures had their vogue. War pictures at one time were being released in rapid succession. Production men were burning the wires to and from Hollywood imploring their eagle-eyed representatives to dig up more war scenarios.

Perhaps a scout in far-off Budapest will unearth a naughty farce which needs only the deft touch of a Lubitsch or a Capra to make it sure-fire box-office, and start a cavalcade of boudoir operas. Radio Pictures might film another memorable masterpiece like "Cimarron," which netted Edna Ferber, the authoress, \$100,000, the highest price ever paid. Maybe another of these readers, who like Helen Grace Carlisle, became so disgusted with the score of hackneyed novels she had just waded through, will take pen in hand and write one herself. Miss Carlisle wrote the eminently successful novel, "Mother's Cry." Her latest work, "The Wife," will probably be bought for Claudette Colbert or Anna Sten. Ultimately, even more famous authors may be signed to write scenarios at enormous salaries only to meet a fate similar to that of Louis Bromfield, who wrote such best-sellers as "The Green Bay Tree," and "The Farm." Bromfield was told to golf, swim, and laze about as long as he cared, but not to bother about writing anything. When Bromfield asked the movie mogul just why they bothered to import him to the coast, he was greeted with this priceless retort: "Oh, we just want to use the famous name of Bromberg!"

"My pet peeve," says Bette Davis -
"is having anything but LUX
used for my personal things"



BETTE DAVIS, that talented young star, is now appearing in Warner Brothers-First National production, "Housewife."

"I WONDER if there's anybody who doesn't use Lux for nice things," says Bette Davis. "It's so marvelously kind to colors—I'd trust it with anything safe in water alone. And lingerie stays grand looking for ages when it's Luxed after every wearing."

"I just hate to have my things get faded and dowdy looking, so I'm awfully particular about having them Luxed. I've often known cake-soap rubbing and ordinary soaps—the kind that have harmful alkali—to fade colors and weaken the silk fibres. Knowing that Lux has no harmful alkali, I just *insist* on it for *all* my washable things."

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Hollywood studios

"Lux is a real dollars and cents matter here," says N'Was McKenzie (left) wardrobe director of Warner Brothers-First National. "It keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. We're washing almost every fabric that comes in here in Lux—even flannels and draperies. They look swell! It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost \$1.00 a box."

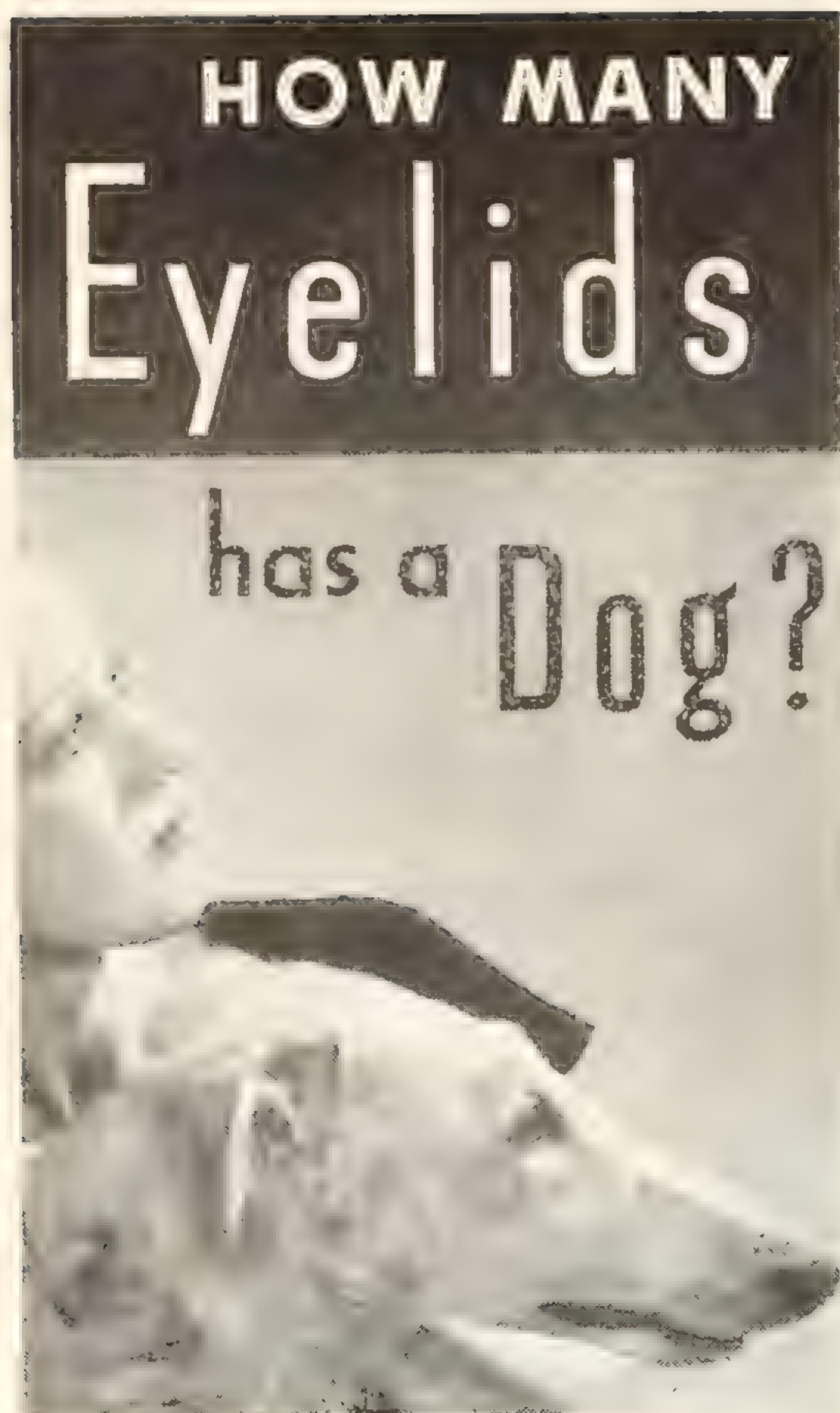


Trust to LUX



Not the Type? Of Course Not!

Continued from page 33



■ A dog has *three* eyelids—the third, an inner lid with which *all* animals are provided for “super-protection.”

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rôle of the plain, homely philosopher of the Cabbage Patch. A rôle she picked herself, by the way. Wise “Mrs. Wiggs.”

For five years Pauline Lord has consistently refused to come to Hollywood. She has never before appeared in a motion picture. It is whispered that Miss Lord hasn't forgotten that when she was starring in “Anna Christie” on the stage, Hollywood picture producers selected Greta Garbo to create the screen character. Miss Lord has never been quoted, but she wouldn't be human if she hadn't felt disappointed on the subject. Certainly the Eugene O'Neill heroine helped make Garbo famous.

After the Paramount company had considered many of our foremost screen actresses for the rôle of the immortal *Mrs. Wiggs*, some bright mind suggested Pauline Lord. The moguls looked at a test. With the alacrity which always characterizes mind-changing in Hollywood, they lured the actress to the screen by permitting her to write her own ticket.

And here we three sat on rickety chairs in a ramshackle shack on the wrong side of the railroad tracks in the midst of the “Cabbage Patch”!

In the main room, which boasted but one door and three windows with broken panes, the pitifully few pieces of rickety furniture, beds, tables and chairs, appeared to have been salvaged from a junk shop. From the walls which were pasted here and there with odds and ends of magazine pictures, Theodore Roosevelt's 1901 Thanksgiving Proclamation vied with an awful crayon portrait of *Mr. Wiggs* for prominence.

Out in the yard I could see the amazing figure of *Cuby*, the sway-backed horse. He was asleep, standing. For a laugh, director Taurog shouted: “No fish today.” *Cuby* awoke with a start and ambled a few feet. *Cuby* once worked for a fish peddler. An alley cat and a mongrel dog completed the picture of animal life in the Patch.

Suddenly three dirty little faces peeked around the corner of the lean-to, opposite where we sat in front of the cameras. Three little girls, hair in braids, legs bare and dresses in rags and tatters. *Asia, Australia, and Europa Wiggs!*

“We're ready, Maw,” they chorused, “we're ready, Mr. Taurog.” The frail figure of *Mrs. Wiggs* rose quietly from her chair and fluttered across the set.

“Lan' sakes, children, I'm a comin'. Jest hold your horses. Where's them boys? Billy, Jimmy—leave *Cuby* alone and come on in here! We have to sing.”

Two equally dirty, ragged little boys came tearing in, *Jimmy* to assume his invalid's position on a cot and *Billy* to join his geography-named sisters. *Mrs. Wiggs* picked up a hymn book from a table, located the page and the scene began.

“Maybe we ain't got no Thanksgivin' dinner, but we can be thankful we got a horse still standin' up, an' the best way to be thankful is to rejoice, an' the best way to rejoice is to sing, so we'll sing ‘Beulah Land.’”

With childish trebles the *Wiggs'* kids joined the soft tremulous voice of their *Maw*.

“Oh Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land—as on the shining shore I stand—across the sea where mansions are prepared for me—”

Between “shots” I turned to Norman Taurog.

“I never would have believed it,” I said. “She's not the type, but she is marvelous.” He regarded me incredulously.

“Type?” he retorted. “Really fine ac-

tresses like Pauline Lord are not types. They create. She may not be the *Mrs. Wiggs* you have always pictured, but I'll lay you a bet that when you see her portrayal she'll convince you that there never has been another *Mrs. Wiggs*.

“Isn't she a little duck of a woman? In her own peculiar, vague style she makes of *Mrs. Wiggs* a tragically bewildered, pathetic little woman who has the patience, optimism and strength of a martyr.

“Notice that there is very little physical acting in her work. Her quaint, small gestures, her expressive hands, her whispering voice are oddly effective.”

I agreed, and added: “Yes, it is all strangely familiar. She used the same methods in ‘Anna Christie,’ ‘They Knew What They Wanted,’ ‘Strange Interlude,’ ‘The Late Christopher Bean,’ ‘The Mariners.’ It's Pauline Lord, yet it's *Mrs. Wiggs*.”

Taurog concurred. “Certainly. The really fine actress succeeds in creating the illusion that she has submerged her personality in the characterization. The opposite is true. It is the actress who transcends the character.”

The *Wiggs'* kids went bursting back into the yard to play with *Cuby*, the swaybacked horse, and the friendly mongrel dog, *Klondike*. Miss Lord rejoined us.

“Aren't they simply marvelous?” she inquired. “There are your real troupers!”

“You made ‘Skippy,’” I reminded Taurog. “How do these kids compare with Jackie Cooper? Or—Shirley Temple?”

The director looked pained. “That's a fool question. You might as well try comparing Pauline Lord with Katharine Cornell or Jane Cowl. Those kids are individuals; Jimmy Butler and George Breakston are two of the cleverest and sincerest boy actors I have ever known. *Asia, Australia, and Europa*—Carmencita Johnson, Edith Fellows and Virginia Weidler—are each promising ingénues of the future. All the kids are exceptionally clever, talented, and with individual gifts.”

Into the shack came the kids again, shouting at the top of their lungs. “Maw, Maw, Mr. Taurog, Mr. Taurog—here come *Miss Hazy* and *Mr. Stubbins!!!*”

Yes, indeed, and here they were. All of a twitter *Miss Hazy* fluttered in on the arm of *C. Ellsworth Stubbins*, red of nose and uneven in walk. *Miss Hazy* was just plain old maid, but the *Stubbins* presented a magnificent, if somewhat bizarre figure. He was seedily clad in an ancient Prince Albert, a fancy vest, striped pants, a silk hat, and the inevitable cane.

How the kids love Zasu Pitts and W. C. Fields!

To have watched Pauline Lord as *Mrs. Wiggs* selling Bill Fields the idea that Zasu Pitts is a great cook, which is the one demand that *Stubbins* makes of *Miss Hazy* before entering into connubial bliss, is to have enjoyed a rare education in the fine points of the art of acting. Three great artists! Pauline Lord couldn't have selected a better spot for her screen début. Wise *Mrs. Wiggs!*

As I strolled through the “Cabbage Patch” to my waiting car, I looked back at the shining roofs of the shacks, made of flattened tin cans, glistening in the California sun. In the mirage of the shining roofs I saw a “shining shore.” As the tremulous voices of the *Wiggses* were again lifted in “Sweet Beulah Land” I could see in that mirage the “mansions” that Hollywood will have prepared for Pauline Lord when they meet *Mrs. Wiggs*.

Why Can't Gloria Progress?

Continued from page 23

"I've shown no great genius in acting." Perhaps not, but come to think of it, what opportunities have motion picture producers given her to act? Her screen career has been a succession of milk-toast parts. From her first rôle to her latest, she has been presented as a somewhat sugar-coated ornament which any pretty girl could portray.

I knew her work on the stage, before pictures snagged her and apparently side-tracked her career toward obscurity. On the stage she exhibited the rarest talent of any young actress to reach Hollywood in ages. As *Anna*, in "Carl and Anna," I saw her hold audiences spellbound. She has several times appeared, gratis, at the Pasadena Community Playhouse in such exacting plays as "The Seagull," "The High Road," and others. Her every performance has called forth stampedes of applause from audiences and eulogistic raves from the play-critics. She is known to the stage as an actress of rare power and charm.

Gloria Stuart, then, is not lacking in talent.

All these things I mulled over in my mind as Gloria talked. I was brought out of my musings by a sudden snap in Miss Stuart's voice.

"I'll show 'em!" she was saying. "Some-day, somehow, I'll get a chance. I'll get a real story, real direction, and a real chance to act. Then I'll show 'em. But meanwhile——"

Back to my musings. My mind roved in fancy to a broadcasting studio, not many weeks ago. Gloria had taken part in a national program, and she had given an extremely fine performance. In fact, one of the principal officials of the broadcasting company told me that hers was one of the few "near perfect" performances ever given at his microphones.

"Her inflection, tonal qualities, and 'mike presence' left nothing to be asked," this official said. "She has one of the most beautiful voices I have ever heard, and she knows how to use it."

Gloria Stuart, then, is not lacking in voice.

Now I'm right back where I started, when Gloria's first words set me musing about Hollywood success. I mean, I'm now at my own original question, "What is the secret of success on the screen?"

Frankly, your guess is as good as mine. Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sydney, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, and too many others to name, are perched up there on the top-rung of the "success ladder." I don't intend to insinuate for a moment that they don't belong there. *I do question why Gloria Stuart isn't sitting beside them.* Item by item, inventories of their individual screen assets will not prove them particularly superior to Gloria. In fact, despite my great admiration for all of those ladies above-named, I seriously doubt if any one of them could hold her own, on a dramatic stage, with Miss Stuart.

Yet there they are, up there. And here is Gloria, down here!

Miss Stuart's voice once again echoed through my thoughts. "I think I should go away!" she said. "I've talked of going to China, and people have laughed at me, and called it a publicity trick. But it isn't a trick. I really believe I ought to get away from Hollywood. I might try a play in London."

Certainly London wants her! Producers there have been cabling Gloria, ever since



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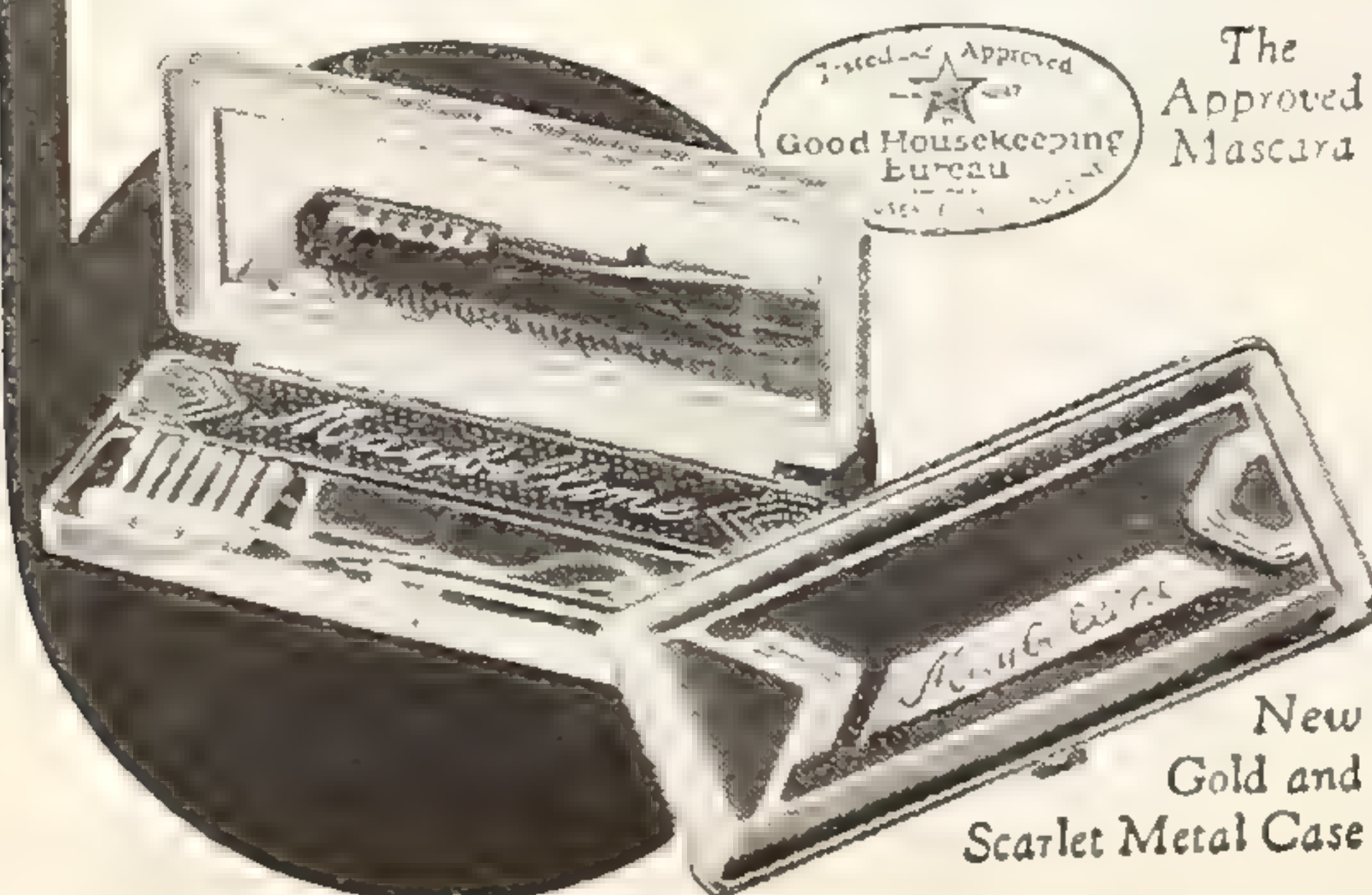


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New Gold and Scarlet Metal Case

she announced that she intended to leave Hollywood, to come over for plays and pictures.

Is that the answer? Or should Gloria, like some of her cinematic sisters, "get tough" with Hollywood? Should she start shooting the "big fireworks"—develop temperament and fight, (out loud), for her rights?

Darned if I know what to tell her! If I knew, I'd have told Marian Nixon years ago. Because Marian has been sliding along for ten years in just the same fashion that Gloria has been sliding for two. I remember when Marian and Janet Gaynor were extras together. I knew them

well, and I'd have bet my last slice of bread, (I was living on bread and beans, those days), that Marian would rise much higher on the screen. But Janet became the great star, and Marian has never risen above leading lady rôles. So what?

Now that I'm at the end of this story, I'll frankly admit I don't know why I wrote it. I haven't proven one blessed thing. I certainly haven't helped Gloria Stuart solve her problem.

Perhaps I will have started you thinking, however. Better still, this story may come to the attention of studio officials, and cause them to give Gloria a real break. Here's hoping!

The Laughtons Step Into Success

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Continued from page 26

and pretentious. For the same reason he dislikes professional Englishmen. "Queen Christina" bored him, but "The Scarlet Empress" he found artistically surpassing, despite what the critics said. "If you like ballet and opera and fine paintings you'll like 'Scarlet Empress.' It's superbly done, you know. This fella Von Sternberg is amazing!" I thought him a poseur and said so. "That's perfectly all right," replied Laughton. "Let him put on an act if he chooses. Everyone else out here does. Why not?"

Laughton is supremely indifferent to people in general and Hollywood parties in particular. His scorn of supervisors, ingénues, dowagers and débutantes is superb. He annihilates with a shrug and a slowly curling lip that is an epic of derision.

The madman type of rôle that Paramount cast him for in several pictures interests him less than such fellows as *Henry VIII*. He calls the madmen silly billies. *Henry* was a labor of love, as will be "Ruggles of Red Gap," his next picture. He always admired Harry Leon Wilson's humor and long cherished the idea of playing *Ruggles*. Some day he aspires to be *Der Captain* in a picturization of the immortal Katzenjammer sagas. Comedy pleases him most of all.

"There is more subtlety in comedy. It requires more doing to get it across. Tragedy is a mask. Comedy bores from within, if I make myself clear. I must sound rather academic. I'm not, as a matter of fact. I don't think I ever graduated anywhere. I went to a public school in Lancashire quite methodically until my sixteenth year. Then I was sacked for concentrating upon Julius Caesar instead of Caesar in the original Latin. We did 'Caesar' and the other Shakespearean plays. That's where I developed a passion for the stage."

Plans are afoot for him to play *Mr. Micawber* in "David Copperfield." He also would like to try "Sancho Panza," unsuccessfully filmed in Europe with Chaliapin and George Robey. But he is careful not to sign any long-term contracts. He reserves the privilege of doing a play when he chooses. There is planning behind everything Laughton does.

"I'm young," he told me. "I have my life ahead of me to use as I will. If I should succumb to this gaudy sink of subsidized art, in five years I'll be a remnant. A shabby, decadent leftover. I shall be fat and paunchy and horribly rich, and people will waggle their fingers at me and say, 'There goes Charles Whats-his-name.

He used to play *Henry VIII*.' It's a temptation to luxuriate here, of course, and grow stinking rich. But I'm fighting it as I should the plague."

Laughton lives with his wife in Beverly Hills. He has a valet-secretary and his wife has a maid. They share a car, not a great car, and live simply. They go out as little as possible.

When Laughton was doing *Nero* in "The Sign of the Cross" he asked Cecil DeMille why he centered his activity upon Biblical subjects and holy backgrounds. "Well," said the celluloid Barnum, "I feel sometimes that I am in God, and that God is in me." "How cosy," said Mr. Laughton.

He was not easy to talk to at first, because he is bored with and suspicious of the press. Ever since he was awarded the Academy prize reporters have dogged his footsteps, misquoted him at length, and annoyed him generally. Without asking questions I swung him round to the subject of the Old Vic Theatre.

"I wanted to do Shakespeare," he said thoughtfully, as he lighted a fresh cigarette, "and Old Vic is the ideal place. It is a religion there, a fetish. They prepare their productions months in advance, rehearse interminably, devote their waking hours to the theatre."

"People said I'd never do it, and I wanted to show them I would. It was work, mind you. A different rôle every week for six months. But it was tremendous sport."

In my practical New World way I wondered how he could pass up Hollywood fortunes for Old Vic at twenty pounds a week. American producers were clamoring for his signature on fairly fabulous contracts.

He eyed me shrewdly before replying. He debated in his mind whether he would trouble to explain, then he proceeded to tell me why he gave up cinema wealth for Shakespeare and Moliere.

"I left Paramount when my contract was up, and turned my back on Hollywood because I wanted very much to do Shakespearean rôles on the stage. Personality is all an actor has. I should lose my personality and incidentally my self-respect if I didn't do Shakespeare when I felt that it was the thing to do. An actor should have artistic whims, God knows, in order to grow. And if he doesn't follow those whims he ceases to grow. As soon as this sad thing occurs you find him on the downgrade, repeating himself, drying up spiritually, stagnating you might say, in the make-up of his last rôle, which was a repetition of the one before and the one before that."

"So I felt Shakespearean repertory would help me. And I played it. Now I'm glad to be doing pictures again under such highly stimulating, happy auspices. When I get the itch to play on the stage again, nothing will stop me."

Hollywood was not the first money mart upon which the Laughton back was turned. Three years ago when his star was in the ascendancy in London, following his triumphs on the stage in "The Man with Red Hair" and "Fatal Alibi" he was offered contracts by three different film companies within three months. He rejected them flatly and finally because they called for five-year options that would have bound him to the screen for that time. He wasn't ready to leave the stage. It had much more to teach him.

So Laughton stayed in London and achieved two more tremendous successes in Crane Wilbur's "On the Spot," in which he played an American gangster, and "Payment Deferred," that clinical study in fear, which swept on to a *succes d'estime* in New York. Following this he repeated his performance of *Poirot*, the detective in "Fatal Alibi," and then went to the Paramount plantation for a quartette of pictures, to be made in the course of two years. This gave him the leisure he wanted to do with as he chose. And he chose to act at Old Vic.

It's a rather inspiring story of an artist wedded to his art, being faithful to his ambition, rare enough in these cash register days. But after meeting Charles Laughton, and listening to him talk, it's a story that isn't hard to believe.

The Laughtons By Maude Cheatham

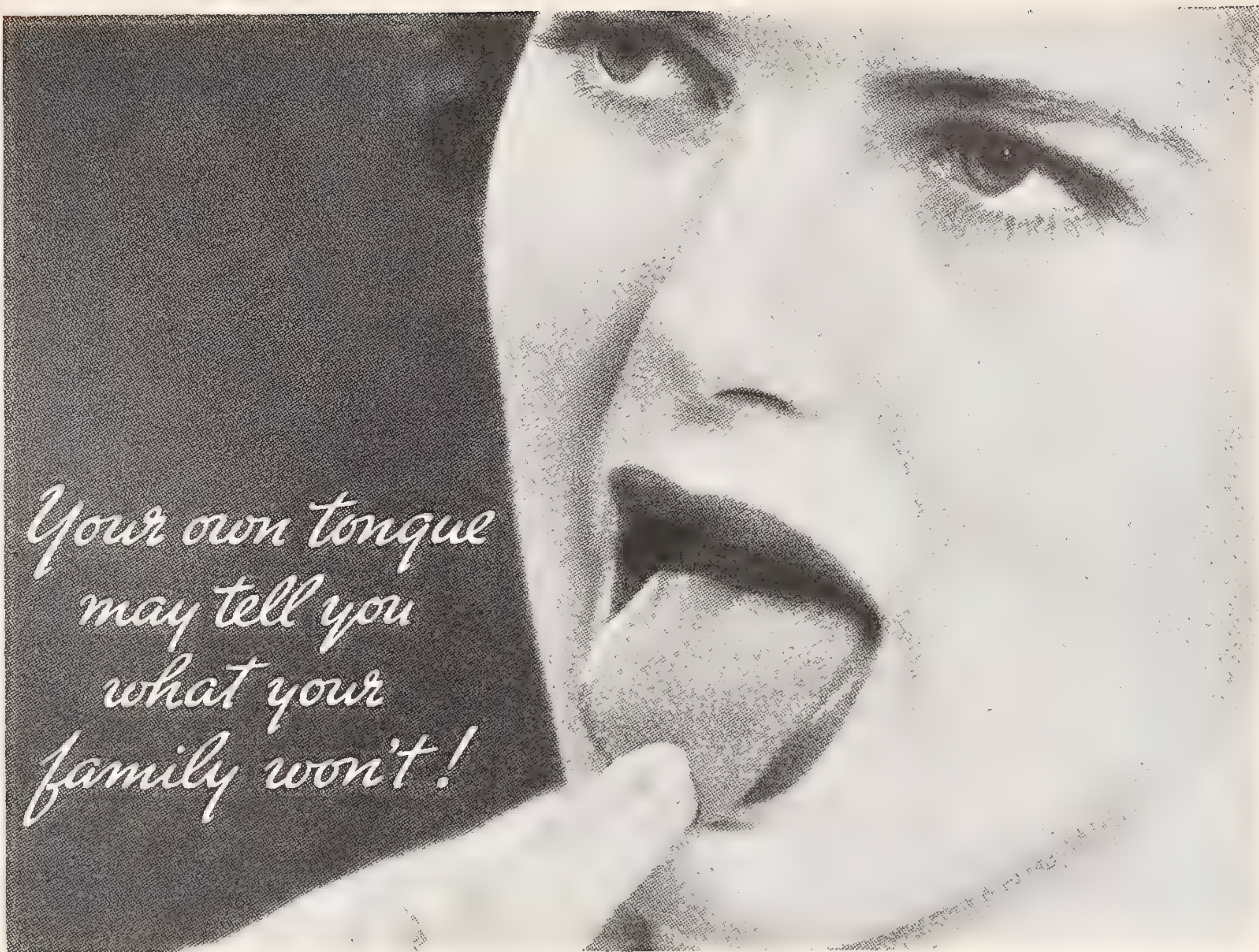
Continued from page 27

career. Her devotion to both is so closely interwoven that they never clash. Rather, they stimulate each other, for the Laughton romance has ever had the stage and screen as its background.

"We've been married six years," she said, in answer to my question. "We first met when we began rehearsals for a stage play, 'Mr. Prohack,' in London. I had never even seen him before, though of course I knew about him and once, we just missed being in a play together. But Charles had seen me—six times, so he fondly reminds me, when I was in a popular revue.

"We don't use the trite phrase of 'love at first sight,' but I presume that is what it was, for we both realized at that initial rehearsal that our plans to forego love, romance, and marriage and dedicate our lives to the drama, were beginning to totter! It was the first serious love for us both and hit us hard. However, it was not until a whole year later that we slipped away to the registry office and were married. Charles was appearing in 'Pickwick Papers' at the time and secured a six weeks holiday, so we went to Italy and Switzerland for a honeymoon, all very romantic, you see!"

She insists they have no rules for a successful marriage; that they happily accept what has come to them and serenely adjust their lives to a blending of ultra-modern and old-fashioned principles. She believes they have attained a victorious marriage because they are truly in love and because they are completely congenial. They never bore each other but find their greatest pleasure in being together, sharing every interest. They are both romantic, demonstrative, responsive. They work and play in perfect accord and have the same ambitions, and the same lilting humor.



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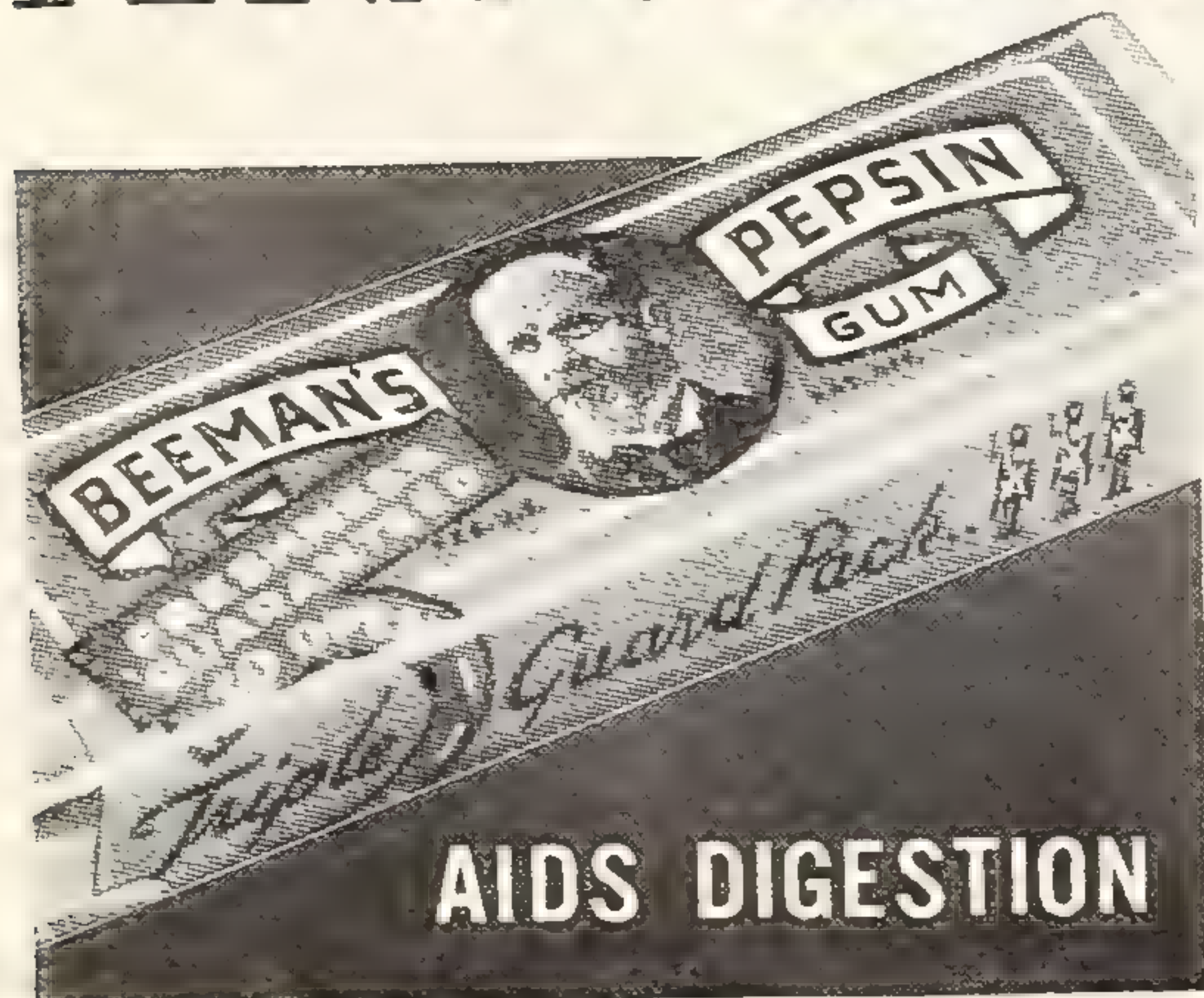
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Recently, when Charles had a few free days between scenes in Norma Shearer's picture, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," in which he plays the elder *Barrett*, they jumped into their car and went gypsying all over Yosemite Park and had a grand time prowling around by themselves.

Unlike many professional couples, the Laughtons like to appear together on the stage and screen and they are looking forward with keen delight to the next Shearer film, "Marie Antoinette," in which Charles will have the rôle of *Louis XVI*, with Elsa portraying that of *Princess de Lamballe*.

"This friend, the Princess, played a prominent part in the stormy and tragic life of Marie Antoinette," she enthusiastically explained, "and while she was false at one period, there is much sympathy in the character."

Looking over some rare French prints of de Lamballe, we found a striking resemblance to the Lanchester face. Framed in dark curls there is the same narrow contour, the same bright, dancing eyes that catch and hold you, the same pertly pointed little chin.

Elsa is very magnetic. She has an exciting quality that immediately stirs your imagination—she could never play a character that was passive or vague or sordid. Royal dames are her forte, like *Anne of Cleves* and *Princess de Lamballe*.

She is striking in looks, too. There is no one on the screen like her and she will hold her own as a very distinctive and unusual type.

While Charles Laughton was born in Scarborough, Elsa is a true Londoner. Her family were highly conservative but luckily for her she says her mother had advanced ideas about rearing her daughter and permitted her to take dancing lessons. And how she loved them. She threw herself into mastering the intricate steps with the energy of a steam engine. Along came Isadora Duncan's brother who labeled her a "talented child," and sent her to his famous sister's school in Paris.

The World War interrupted her dancing but after the Armistice she returned to the ballet, which in time, carried her into stage revues, where she sang as well as danced.

"I'm best," she said, "in putting a song across. In some mysterious way my high, flute-like voice gives it a satirical turn that puts it over with a bang."

It was after completing "The Private Life of Henry the VIII," last summer, that the Laughtons showed how serious they are in their loyalty to the spoken drama.

They turned deaf ears to lucrative screen offers to gratify a cherished ambition and took over the Old Vic Theatre in London, putting on a series of plays that covered everything from modern comedy to Shakespeare, which proved a successful venture and added luster to their names.

"The greatest chance of my career came in the rôle of *Ariel*, in 'The Tempest,'" she told me with her amazing enthusiasm. "Usually this is portrayed by a boy, but I looked the part and my dancing experiences aided me in giving it the perpetual humming-bird movement it required."

"While few of us can hope for immortal fame we all wish to accomplish something truly worth while. I feel I did this as *Ariel*, and in a classic, too. It may be merely a pin prick but at least, it will make me remembered for a little while."

"Homesick? Oh, sometimes," she admitted. "Long-standing friends mean so much. Too, while I preen under your sunshine, I still love my London fog. There is always the mystery of the coming morning. What you wear and what you do all depends on that first glimpse you get when you awaken and draw open the curtains."

There is no doubt that the Laughton romance adds special glamor to both Charles and Elsa. Everyone adores a true love story. While they do not find it necessary to flaunt their devotion it is always evident.

"The last time we were here," Elsa told me, "I had to return to London for a stage play while Charles remained to enact the part of *Nero*, in Mr. DeMille's 'The Sign of the Cross,' and everybody kept asking me if I wasn't afraid to leave him alone in Hollywood. Such utter nonsense! If a couple love each other nothing can separate them; geography has nothing to do with it. I never gave it a thought and I'm sure Charles didn't."

Charles didn't! Everyone knows he was just about the loneliest fat boy Hollywood ever saw.

But now with his wife with him he is happy. They will remain until Christmas, then return to London, for they are under contract with Alexander Korda, Charles for three and Elsa for two pictures.

Until then they are comfortably settled in a charming bungalow at the swanky Garden of Allah. From the wide casement windows in their living room we watched the afternoon shadows lengthen across the blue swimming-pool, their favorite rendezvous, for both are expert swimmers and take a plunge at least twice a day.

Big Moments With the Movie Great

Continued from page 29

Colonel safely aboard, he turned indignantly to Coop. "With all my grief," he sputtered, "you've got to be a comic and ask can I swim!"

"I wasn't trying to be witty," Gary expostulated solemnly. "If I'd wanted to be funny I'd have said, 'Come up and see me sometime!'"

One of the highlights of my life and one of the nicest things that has ever happened to me, occurred on the occasion of my first birthday in Hollywood. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were the first friends I made out here. How they found out it was my birthday I don't know. But Sue arranged a surprise party for me at the then-fashionable Montmartre.

She had rounded up everyone in town who had shown me the slightest attention since my arrival—many of them people she didn't even know. Jimmy Fidler took me up there on the pretext of having made dates for us with a couple of girls from

home who would meet us there because their parents didn't approve of him.

I'll never forget my feelings as Sue, looking like a picture, met us at the door and led me to that table. And whatever life may hold in store for me, no thrill can ever equal that I got later when the waiter came bearing a huge birthday cake with sixteen—or was it sixty?—candles and all the lights in the place went out except those on the cake, while the orchestra played "Happy Birthday to You."

Incidentally, that was the night I first met Bing Crosby. He was singing there at the time, as one of The Three Rhythm Boys.

And speaking of Bing brings to mind almost as many memories as does Mr. Arlen. But there is one mental picture of The Groaner, as he is affectionately called by his friends, that age cannot wither nor custom stale.

A year or so ago he and Dixie suddenly

decided to have a party that very night. The decision made, Bing went blithely out to play golf, leaving Dixie to worry over the refreshments and guests. She wanted some crawfish to serve and I volunteered to get them for her. There wasn't time enough to go home and change my clothes so I asked for some old duds of Bing's. Attired in them, I went gayly forth to snare the innocent little crawfish.

About six thirty or seven I sauntered triumphantly up the Crosby walk, swinging a three gallon pail—brimful. Bing spied me through the window and stepped out to meet me, caroling at the top of his lungs, "Home with the Scaly Spoils." Suddenly, as I drew closer, his jaw fell and his voice quavered, although I will say he kept bravely on with his song. Dixie had thoughtfully provided me with a brand new pair of \$30 trousers and a \$28 pair of shoes to go fishing in. Bing has never looked a crawfish in the face from that day to this.

There's another picture of Bing I can't erase from my mind. My singing voice is not one of my greatest assets. In fact, it is so bad Dixie has forbidden me to sing at all in her presence—even on Thanksgiving and Christmas. One night after dinner, as we were leaving the dining room, I raised my voice in song. "Don't sing!" she hissed.

Deeply hurt, I turned to Bing. "Honestly, Bing," I begged, "is my voice as bad as your wife says?"

Bing has a horror of becoming embroiled in other people's arguments and his face was a study as he cautiously answered, "Well, pal, I've never really heard you level off."

I opened my mouth preparatory to "leveling" whereupon Bing added hastily, "But as long as it upsets Dixie so, maybe you'd better wait until we're alone to show me."

We've never been alone since then—try as I will.

Life in Hollywood is not all gayety and laughter, though.

When I first came out here Kay Francis and I were guests at the Fredric March's one evening. She was my dinner partner. We spent a very pleasant evening together and met on several occasions shortly after that. Then suddenly I was definitely and distinctly snubbed by Kay on a number of occasions.

In compiling my "Medals and Birds" for SCREENLAND the following fall I awarded a bird to Kay for going Hollywood quicker than anyone who had reached here in a long time.

The day after the magazine made its appearance on the news stands Miss Francis called me on the 'phone. "This is a pleasant surprise," I burred, although I had a sinking feeling that Kay was up to no good.

"Is it?" she asked—rather grimly, I thought. "Tell me," she went on, "what do you mean by 'going Hollywood'?"

The picture by that name had not yet been made so I couldn't refer her to that.

And then I had a burst of inspiration. "Whenever a person develops any unpleasant traits after she's become successful, she's 'gone Hollywood,'" I explained.

"How have I gone Hollywood?" she asked.

"Well, you snubbed me several times and as far as I'm concerned that's a very unpleasant trait," I replied.

"Why couldn't that just as well be called 'going New York'?" was the next query.

"It could—if it happened there," I answered, "but it happened in Hollywood."

"I didn't intend to snub you," Kay apologized. "I liked you."

"I liked you, too," I offered, "very much. It was quite a shock to me to find you weren't as nice as I'd thought. Oh, well, let's forget it and start over."

And we did.

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Confessions of a Celebrity Shooter

Continued from page 25

Garbo and I, racing hysterically down the Boulevard and holding our sides. I reached my car first and grabbed for the door. It stuck. I pulled and puffed, and cursed a little. I could see Greta's chauffeur pulling out to aid her in her escape. The darn door still stuck—I turned around just as her car swerved by me. I gave up and stood there looking after her, my feet planted far apart, and my hat on the back of my head. Suddenly, the most famous movie face in the world looked back at me through the rear view window—and *winked!* If I could have caught that wink on Garbo's face I could have retired for life on what the picture would have earned me!

On the other hand, Garbo's sister-exotic, Dietrich, is pretty swell about posing for us. The reporters tell me she's almost as hard to get to for an interview as Garbo. But she's a cinch for us news photographers, *unless she happens to be with her husband!* There's a funny one for you to figure out. Because we can't. Dietrich will pose with von Sternberg or Rouben Mamoulian. But just try to get her with Sieber if she's looking. It can't be because she doesn't want to call attention to her marriage as she frequently poses with her daughter, Maria. Personally, I like Dietrich a lot, and one evening when I ran into her with von Sternberg in a Hollywood café, she invited me to sit down and have a glass of beer with them. I thought it was a good time to ask her why she'd held a paper in front of her face when I tried to snap her the previous afternoon when she was with Sieber. "Did I do that?" she asked with that round-eyed expression she has made famous on the screen. And that's all she would say on the subject. Yet she's serious about it, because she turned me down a couple of days later when she was with her handsome German husband! This is No. 1. Mystery among the cameramen in Hollywood!

Maybe I'm wrong about this, but I've never felt Katharine Hepburn was on the level about her reluctance to pose for the pretty birdie when we've caught her at the tennis matches and other places in Hollywood. Katharine makes quite a to-do about brushing us aside and holding a paper in front of her face, but then *she never makes it really impossible to snap her!* I think she likes to see pictures of herself in print, frowning, or dodging cameramen, or otherwise conducting herself as hard-to-get.

Thinking back over the long list of Hollywood temperamentals I can recall only two who rate as personal peeves with me. We'll get to them in a moment, but first I'd like to pass out a few well-deserved bouquets for stellar patience and courtesy.

I've always found Charlie Chaplin a most gracious person, not only willing to pose, but actually helpful about it. Recently I took a picture of Charlie with Miss Goddard at the home of a Los Angeles drama critic. I said: "May I caption this picture 'Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin?'" Chaplin laughed and replied: "Only at your own risk!"

Constance and Joan Bennett will both pose graciously if they are becomingly dressed, and know in advance that you are taking a picture. Cameramen have difficulty with Connie only when she thinks she does not look well, or when she feels that a publicity picture would embarrass a group of her guests. It is definitely understood that no photographer can take

pictures at any party given by Connie at her home.

Ann Harding has actually let us ruin meals for her in public eating places when we have set up our camera contraptions and lights about her table; and Gary Cooper and his wife, Sandra, not only permit us to take pictures, but are as interested as kids in seeing them later on. Sometimes Gary will ask me to "kill" a picture that is badly posed, but I never had him ask me to destroy one because it was unflattering. This Cooper boy doesn't seem to know what personal vanity is!

Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford are the news cameramen's delight. Only once has Jean ever refused me a picture, and that was the night, just recently, when her latest film was previewed. The minute the picture was over, Jean, with her mother and William Powell, made a bee-line for her waiting car. We tried to get her to pose with Mr. Powell, but she only shook her head, and I noticed there were tears in her eyes. Later on I learned that Jean was very disappointed with this picture—just why I don't know, as I thought it very entertaining, and it has been a success at the box-office. I guess the most "informal" picture I ever took of anyone was of Jean Harlow. She actually let me photograph her on one occasion when her hair was rolled up on kid curlers! Jean has often told me she thinks it makes players seem more human to be photographed just as you happen to catch them, and not as stilted creatures who are constantly on dress parade. Says I: Hurrah for Jean!

Joan Crawford is another angel of my racket, always obliging and courteous. The only time I ever saw Joan and Franchot Tone seemingly on the "outs" was when Franchot became a little temperamental, apparently, about posing the night of an exhibitors' dinner. Joan had been all set to pose for us when Franchot suddenly gave us the go-by, and, taking her arm, almost pushed her toward the door without stopping. Joan's expression was very surprised indeed, and if her words fitted the look on her face, I think maybe she gave Franchot a small piece of her mind on that occasion.

Lupe Velez is the photographer's standby. You can always get Lupe anytime, any place, with, or without Johnny Weissmuller, and for this, we thank you, Lupe.

And now to get to those two pet peeves! They are both male stars, none other than Charles Laughton and Adolphe Menjou, respectively!

A fellow cameraman tells me Charles Laughton is really a swell fellow when you catch him in the right mood. Personally, I have had only one encounter with Mr. Laughton and I hope it will be the last. It happened this way:

The preview of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was just over, and the cameramen were lined up in the lobby of the theatre all set up to take pictures of the many celebrities who attended this event. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Sally Eilers and her husband, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Billie Dove and many others were "posing" as they called congratulations to Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Maureen O'Sullivan. I happened to spy Charles Laughton on the verge of slipping out of the melee. Stepping up to him, I asked: "Will you pose for a picture, Mr. Laughton?" He was talking to a member of the M-G-M publicity department, but he turned and said:

"Yes, I will pose if you will accompany me to my car where my wife is waiting." I thanked him and waited for him to be ready. Suddenly he started down the street at a fast pace, with me at his heels making as much speed as I could with my large camera and flashlights. As we approached the car where his wife was sitting he unexpectedly broke into a run, calling to her: "Start the motor and let's get away from these nuisances! Was my face red? If Laughton had not wished to pose why hadn't he said so back in the lobby of the theatre in place of insulting me after he had promised to make the picture."

The time Mr. Menjou chose to "act up" for us was the occasion of the Actor's Guild Dinner. As Mr. Menjou walked toward the ballroom with Verree Teasdale, we stopped him, asking if he would pose. Certainly Mr. Menjou must be used to similar requests and must have been expecting it. But Adolphe replied: "If I had my way you fellows would be evicted from here. Why did they let you in?" One of the Guild executives, standing nearby, said: "The boys were invited. We want them here for the publicity." Menjou retorted: "Well, I don't want the publicity, and I don't need it!" You'll just have to guess at what *we* said after Mr. Menjou took his departure.

Among the feminine stars, Margaret Sullivan comes the closest to being consistently "moody" about having her picture taken. With the star of "Little Man, What Now?" it all depends on the frame of mind she's in. Sometimes she's perfectly swell, and will laugh and joke with the boys while they "snap" her at the airport on one of her habitual arrivals or departures. On other occasions it is Miss Sullivan who does most of the "snapping" and you can't get her to pose for love or money.

Kay Francis is something of a "mood" star, herself. I think Miss Francis pulled the craziest trick ever perpetrated on a group of news photographers just before she stepped into the plane to carry her to New York on the first lap of her European trip. Whim is no word, for Kay's odd conduct when she refused to pose for the first photographer who asked her, posed for the second, skipped the third, posed for the fourth, shook her head at the fifth and graciously smiled into the camera of the last one! None of us knew what this game of skip-a-cameraman meant. If it was a joke it was a pointless one and it was tough on the "odd" men who had to return to their offices minus a good picture of Miss Francis.

Bing Crosby is another famous now-and-thener. Strangely enough, if Bing has on a studio make-up, he will pose for you anywhere, and he is very nice about it. But when he gets his make-up off he behaves like a kid out of school and gets irritable if you ask him to stop. He can be very temperamental if he's "bothered" when he's dining in public or playing golf.

People often ask me if I ever destroy a valuable and important "news scoop" picture I have snapped of some celebrity. In other words, if I ever heed their plea "not to print that picture." I wouldn't want my boss to know this, but honesty compels me to admit that I have! I have withheld the publication of certain pictures when I honestly believed the publication of these same pictures would endanger the career, the home life, or the safety of my subject.

For instance, several years ago when Norma Shearer's son was about a year old, the famous Lindbergh kidnapping case was shocking and tearing the heart of the nation. A terrible fear had crept into the hearts of movie stars who were

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the parents of small children. Bars were built over nursery windows, guards were hired, and we cameramen were begged not to take pictures of the children so that their faces would be easily recognized by kidnapers.

At that time no picture had ever been taken of the famous Thalberg heir. It was considered a great scoop to get one. After months and months of hard work, and many patient hours of waiting, I finally took a picture of little Irving, Jr. It was a marvelous picture. The little fellow was smiling straight into the camera in a great big close-up. Any syndicate or magazine in the country would have paid me a big price for that picture. But I did not print it because of Miss Shearer's personal plea to me. She was almost weeping as she begged me not to release the print. "Maybe it is because I am so nervous over the Lindberg tragedy," she explained. "In a month or so I may not feel this way. But I honestly believe you will help me to protect the safety of my child if you will not print that picture. Later on when things are not so terrible I promise you shall take a picture of my little boy!" She then very generously offered to buy the picture from me, but I assured her that wasn't necessary, for who could have resisted that plea? Of course, Miss Shearer is completely over that fear now and frequently poses with Irving, Jr.

Speaking of stars in general I have noticed one particular and telling characteristic. The more successful they are the more they like to pretend, at least, that they do not want to be photographed; and even to the nice ones it sometimes appears to be a slight nuisance. But let them begin to slip in public favor and studio contracts and you can hardly keep them away from the front of your camera. I can recall a very famous male star of yesterday. In his hey-day he was a hard-to-get guy. He was always busy and never wanted to take the time to stop and pose. But as the years rolled by and his fan following slipped away from him he began to be a regular camera-hog.

Just the other night a group of us were taking pictures in front of a Hollywood café when we saw this man approaching. Commercially he isn't worth a cent to us. We can't give his pictures away much less sell them. "I'm not wasting any plates on him," one of the boys said. But, somehow or other, when the poor old guy marched up with an expectant look on his face, posing as proudly as though he was doing us a big favor, we didn't have the heart to turn him down. One of the boys set off a "flash bulb" and we photographed him with unloaded cameras! It seemed to make him happy.

I think that is the most indicative, and the saddest story I have to tell of Hollywood, because it is Hollywood!

New Fashions in Faces

Continued from page 59

thing to be admired is *you*. What you are, your own most charming, winsome self, should speak out over and above any make-up you may wear.

We hear a lot today about how silly women are to imagine that any special cream or soap can give a face like Dolores', or any other beauty on or off the screen. They say, if a girl is born homely she is going to remain homely no matter what she does about it.

Now we agree that there is no cosmetic you can use which will make your face over into the delicate, the enchanting, the magnetic thing you would like it to be. But we do maintain that beauty, and we mean *real* beauty, the kind that is more than skin-deep, is to an amazing degree a matter of care, thought, and perfect grooming.

Let me be personal a moment and tell you a story. I have a friend who is one of the homeliest women living. She was homely when she was a little girl. She will always be homely if you are thinking of beauty of feature. But she presents about the most attractive appearance of anyone I know. Men are wild about her. I have never known a man who wasn't proud to take her out. She looks so soignée, so perfectly turned out, so exquisitely made-up.

From the time she was a little girl her heart ached because of her homeliness. She resolved to do all she could to make up for it. As a result she studied herself. She knew just what clothes she could wear and how to wear them. She cared for her skin, her nails, her hair, with meticulous attention. In some ways she was almost fanatical about it. But she got results. Today no one thinks of her as homely. She is always referred to as one of the most attractive women.

She probably suffered more acutely because she had a very beautiful sister, who when they were both young, got all the attention. The sister was so pretty, as a matter of fact, that it is not surprising

she had the idea nature could not be improved upon. As a result she let herself go. She was careless in her personal habits. Her clothes were always a little bit fussy, as is likely to be a fault with so many pretty girls. Her face and hair were never quite perfectly groomed. She sometimes forgot to take care of her nails. Today her sister, the ugly duckling, is immeasurably the better looking of the two.

I mention this as an example of what intelligent care will do. I have seen the same thing again and again. So the rest of us can take heart. We don't have to be born beautiful. We can make ourselves lovely by the right kind of effort!

And with more leisure hours in the day there is more time for beauty. The hours from five to seven in the evening have taken on a new significance. And elegant hostess gowns, pyjamas, indoor frocks of the most elaborate kind have their place. Just so have colored toenails showing through the sheerest of hose and sandal slippers. It is an hour for relaxation, the blind man's holiday of the day, an hour which is kind to complexions, moreover, when it is easy to look your best. It is the time between the busy minutes of the day and the play-time of the evening. It is achieving an elegance almost equal to that of formal evening, yet as informal, cosy if you will, and definitely cheering. It is a time for perfume, for rich soft fabrics, for gay finger-tips, and informality woven with elegance in all attire.

Perhaps you are wondering how anyone can try to be elegant when things are so topsy-turvy in the world? It is the law of paradox. It is the same thing that makes Dolores, clever girl that she is, wear something red on a rainy day. It cheers you up. Makes you forget the things you'd like to forget. Increases your self-respect. It means a new joy of living. It means happiness and contentment. Are you getting your share?

Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 8

don't keep us waiting so long again, Harold—folks might pass out before the medicine arrives!

Marie Zizlavsky,
Box 18,
New Buffalo, Mich.

FILM IMPROVES ON NOVEL—NEWS!

May I express admiration of the manner in which the novel, "Of Human Bondage" has been softened for the screen? Much that is sordid has been omitted, and the result is an appealing picture. Leslie Howard's gentle portrayal of Philip reveals anew the delicacy and refinement of his art.

A. K. Holbrook,
4 Walnut St.,
Boston, Mass.

A TOAST TO KITTY AND CARL!

Public Notice:

Will Carl Brisson, the Dimpled Dane, and Kitty Carlisle, the Singing Siren, who scored tremendous personal successes in "Murder at the Vanities," kindly call at the box-office for "Champagne Cocktails for Two"—with best wishes from all their fans!

Phyllis-Marie Arthur,
Lowville, N. Y.

TRIBUTE TO SARAH PADDEN!

Too little appreciation is shown for the real back-bone of pictures; the character actors and actresses!

I wish to pay tribute to one of the finest and most versatile—Sarah Padden. Her stolid mountain woman in "Spitfire," and her laughing Portuguese mother in "He Was Her Man," are masterpieces!

Mrs. Charles Toles,
514 N. Nevada Ave.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

HEAR! HEAR!

I'm for the movies! I think they're fun. True, there are some pictures I could do without, but when we can see such troupers as Shirley Temple, Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman and Clark Gable; and pictures like "Baby Take a Bow," and "Cavalcade," etc., we shouldn't complain!

Jane Craig Barrett,
1600 Pandora Ave.,
West Los Angeles, Calif.

IDEAL AMERICAN WOMAN!

Thanks, Hollywood, for Irene Dunne. She and her portrayals are sincere and real—adjectives the world thought were not meant to describe the actresses of Hollywood. I'd be proud to point out Irene Dunne to any European as an example of the ideal American Woman.

Eve Stetter,
301 South St.,
Utica, N. Y.

BETTE'S ACHIEVEMENT!

A grand salute to Bette Davis for playing the part she did in "Of Human Bondage." Not many actresses would take such an unfavorable rôle and play it so well that you actually despised the character on the screen but could not help but admire the person who played it!

C. H. Gender,
122 South 6th St.,
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Are you using 25-watt lamps in "60-watt sockets"?

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If you want to protect the eyes of both your guests and your family, follow these five simple rules. Don't risk eyesight when good light costs so little.

1. *Bridge:* Old fashioned bridge lamps do not provide adequate light for cards. Ideal for bridge is the new indirect lamp with a 2-filament bulb that uses either 100, 200, or a total of 300 watts.

2. *Reading Lamps:* Use one 100-watt Edison MAZDA lamp, or two 60's, or three 40's—

depending upon the number of sockets.

3. *Wall Brackets:* 15 to 25 watts for decorative lighting. 60 watts on each side of the bathroom or dressing table mirror. For kitchen, 40 to 60 watts.

4. *All bulbs should be shaded* to prevent glare. Shades should be light-colored inside and open at the top to throw light to the ceiling.

5. Look for the mark  on every lamp bulb you buy. It is your assurance of good light at low cost.

Check the lights in your home today, noting all lamps that are under-size. Then get an assortment of Edison MAZDA lamps from your dealer. Keep spare lamps on hand.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET, "The New Story of Seeing." Tells many important facts about light and eyesight. General Electric Co., Dept. 166, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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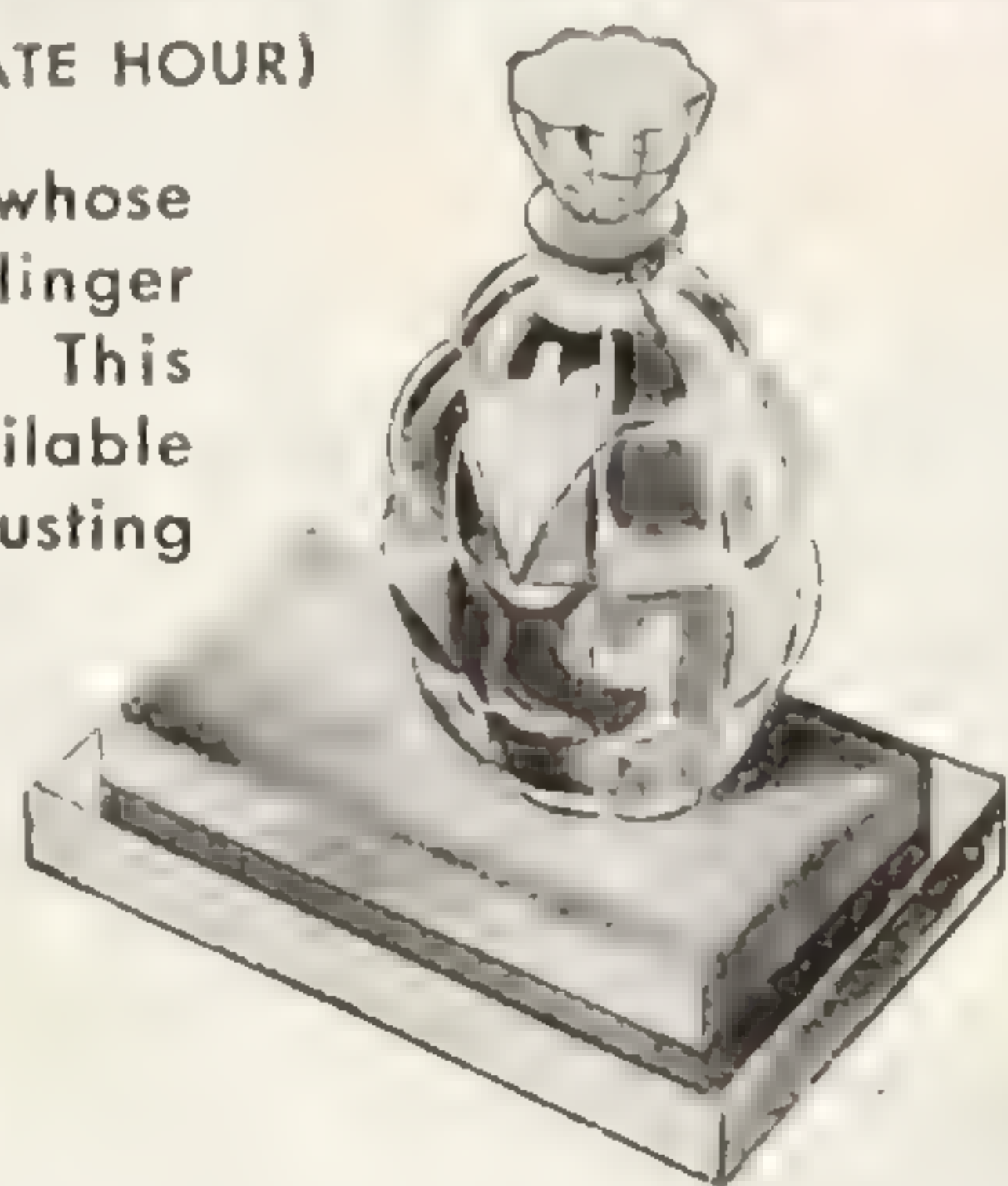
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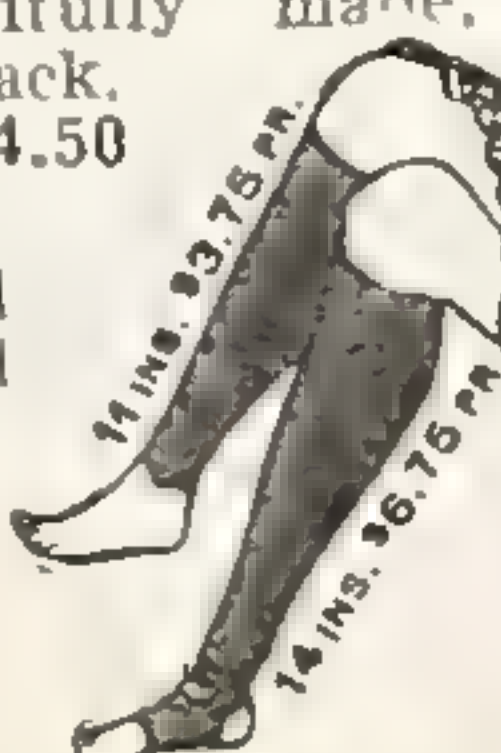
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DR. JEANNE S. C. WALTER

389 Fifth Avenue New York



Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

eat the pickles and dare to keep on breathing!”

But at small intimate dinners to which such good friends as the Harold Bell Wrights come, holiday food at Miss Robson's house isn't turkey-and-cranberry-sauce.

“My beefsteak is one thing everyone demands,” she said, looking up from the Christmas tie. “Not because of the steak but because of the gravy. I broil the steak as usual, and save the drippings. Then I put the steak on a nice hot dish in the oven and leave the door open so it won't burn.

“Into the drippings, I put a lump of butter, ½ teaspoonful of cornstarch and a little cream, 3 mashed tomatoes and 3 mashed bananas, and stir all together; pour this over the beefsteak and it puffs up like soufflé.

“I invented this recipe because once I forgot to fry my bananas, so I said: ‘Here goes, I'll stick 'em in the sauce!’ I always used tomatoes in my gravy and putting in the bananas makes all the difference.”

With beefsteak, Yorkshire pudding is an inevitable dish at Miss Robson's house. It's an old English pudding eaten with the meat course, and this is how you make it:

To serve 6 people:

3 scant tablespoonsful flour

4 eggs

1 pint milk

¼ teaspoonful salt

Mix flour in a small quantity of milk until smooth, then add the rest of the milk and the eggs, well beaten; put 2 tablespoonsful of the hot beef drippings into your pan, pour the mixture in and bake in oven for 20 minutes.

“I know something you'll like,” observed Miss Robson, suddenly. She rose, opened a heavy oak door at the end of the hall, slipped through and reappeared, beckoning me, mysteriously. We entered the sunny kitchen, beyond another hall. On the white bread board, near the door, were dozens of paper-thin yellow cookies, crinkly and brown around the edges.

“Try them,” urged the star, twinkling, as all stars should learn to twinkle. “Talking about food is hungry work. Not that

there's anything new about those cookies. Come out and see my birds, if you'd see something unusual. I don't know how many we have—never counted them—but we're due for some more any minute. Look, these are the love-birds—see that blue one? He's the prospective father and the green one is the mother, so what will the children be? Turquoise?”

The birds live in huge cages in the patio, love-birds in the larger house with wooden box nests hung on its sides, a sporty merry-go-round in the unshuttered part; finches in the smaller house, all singing lustily.

Enough to make them sing, for the patio is garlanded with flowers, gay with colored umbrellas, painted tables and chairs, single cages of yellow canaries, trilling, too.

“See this—” Miss Robson showed me a tall bush against a wall, laden with pure white flowers some six inches long. “We call these angels' trumpets; at night the perfume is sweeter than night-blooming cereus. Miss Harmer took a slip from that bush and grew another one just like it for Maude's garden.”

We went through the door into “Maude's garden,” a tiny patio leading to the cook's own small Spanish apartment, which forms one wall of the patio court yard.

“We use our patio for the holiday parties. Oh, I've just thought of the most delicious dessert for you! I invented it myself and people tell me they don't know whether they are eating ice cream or not—and it's rice pudding, my dear!

“First I wash the rice as usual in cold water, put it into a pan and cover it at least one inch above the rice with cold milk; put in sugar to taste and maybe raisins, if you like them, but I make it oftenest without raisins. Put it in a slow oven, and when the milk forms a scum across the top and gets brown, I take it out and skim that off and fill it up with more cold milk; when the scum forms a second time, skim it again and refill with cold milk; the third time the scum forms and browns, take it out of the oven, skim it and put it into the icebox. You'll hardly know it from ice cream!”

Artist and Business Man

Continued from page 22

salary, however they came off second best.

With the realization of all this I began to wonder if I might not have underrated his business sense. But something happened about that time that convinced me even a clock that doesn't run is right twice a day and I just knew his session with the Paramount big boys had been “one of those things”—a lucky accident.

This other thing of which I speak was a conversation we had last year. We had been gabbing about nothing in particular when I asked him if he had ever had any serious arguments with the studio over salary.

“No,” said Freddie slowly. “The front office admit I'm worth about twice what they're paying me but they say they can't afford to give it to me. I feel I owe it to them to stick. When they signed me up I wasn't worth anything like the \$1,000 a week they gave me, so if I'm getting less now than I should, things are about even—as I look at it.”

That speech bore out my previously

formed opinion of his business sagacity. A smart man, if he'd got more than he was worth at the beginning, would have set it down to a piece of rare good luck—but it wouldn't have stopped him from demanding his just dues later.

Suddenly my ideas of Freddie's business acumen received a severe jolt. His Paramount contract was finished. He turned down their offers and set out to get himself some real dough.

“Poor Freddie,” I thought. “A lamb among the wolves. That guy will be lucky if he isn't paying for the privilege of making pictures inside a year.”

But the next thing I knew Freddie had signed his new contract with Twentieth Century.

In the rather forlorn hope of ascertaining something of how to deal with executives I went to see him, thinking I might steal a page from his book and learn how to force editors to pay me what I think my stuff is worth rather than what they think it is.

But there I ran into another snag. Freddie, ordinarily, is the life of any crowd in which he happens to find himself. But you go to interview him and—no matter how well you know him—he undergoes some sort of metamorphosis that defies you to get a good story out of him. I told him what I wanted.

"Sure," he agreed enthusiastically. "A sort of *Jekyll and Hyde*. On the screen I'm crazy. Off the screen I'm bughouse. And yet I keep my own books, make my own investments, do most of the bargaining for my contracts and all that."

"If you don't mind my butting in," said Florence Eldredge, his charming wife, "here's what I think. Every story I've ever read about Freddie has either been biographical or has dealt with his book-keeping. If I were a woman on the outside, reading these magazines, I'd gather the impression from Freddie's interviews that he is the dullest of the dull."

"That's it," Freddie exclaimed. "Here's how it is: In spite of my scatter-brained performances on the screen and my hair-brained antics off, I really lead a well-ordered and carefully planned existence. When we occasionally have an evening to ourselves, I usually sit down with a pencil and paper, figure out what I have to do along the lines of picture details, settle that and then figure out my income—how much we can spend and how much should be invested—and in what."

"You see," Florence put in, "Freddie has—unconsciously, perhaps—created an illusion that he is scatter-brained. He isn't. I think the secret of his business success—if any—is his cautiousness."

"When he was a little boy, his father was president of a company in Racine that went into bankruptcy. The other stockholders and executives of the company took advantage of their position to clean the slate. But Freddie's father set about paying the creditors dollar for dollar. Every Sunday they used to have a conference. They'd go over the creditors who had been paid during the week and decide whom they could pay the following week and how much. That went on, as you may imagine, for months. The children always sat in on those conferences and it developed a sense of responsibility in them and a regard for business that Freddie, at least, has never shaken off."

"I guess that's it," Freddie observed. "It taught me what a muddle you can find yourself in if you haven't enough money. Here's how I look at things now: This acting business I'm in is a tremendous gamble. There's one chance in a million of succeeding in it and landing in the big money. Well, that's enough of a gamble for any man to take. So I don't gamble with my investments."

"We put a certain amount into a trust fund every week. Out of what's left, we live. Our one extravagance, if you care to call it that, is our home. Florence and I both like a nice home, so in building this new one we haven't tried to stint ourselves by cutting down here and saving there. We've had everything put in it that we want."

"We don't gamble. If we play bridge, a quarter of a cent is tops. Usually we play for a tenth or a twentieth. We don't care about the night spots. We've been to the Colony Club once in our lives. Some of the other places we haven't even seen."

"Florence cares nothing for jewelry. Several times I've ordered pieces from Cartiers but she always sends them back and says she would rather have a silver platter or something like that. Neither of us gives a darn about clothes so that item doesn't amount to much."

"We don't like to keep a lot of cash on hand so when anything is left over, above

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what we deposit in the trust fund, we invest it ourselves. But the investments we make are never a gamble. We own a few substantial stocks outright—nothing speculative. I don't play the market because I feel I have to devote the major portion of my time to the screen and if I can't watch the market closely I certainly can't afford to dabble in it. We make building loans in a company of which my father is the head and he occasionally lends money for me on mortgages. He can watch those so I don't have to.

"We adopted a baby last year and said we would adopt another every year for three years. We've just taken the second and we'll take two more later.

"The babies, of course, have to be provided for so we have been putting money into an annuity for them. We don't want to leave them rich because we think that would spoil them and stifle their originality. If we can leave each of them an assured income of, say, \$50 a week, we'll know

they'll never want. If the girls want to marry poor men they can do it knowing they'll never starve and even that they can help out a little if their husbands want to study something. If the boys want to go into some line of work that will take years to establish themselves in, they can do it and know they'll be able to live while they're working and waiting for breaks.

"Now, as to ourselves: Although, as I told you, we started putting money into a trust fund, we decided we might as well enjoy life while we're young. We wanted to build a house so we've discontinued the trust fund for a time and are putting our money into the house. As soon as the house is all paid for, we'll resume with the trust fund.

"It's all the result of very careful planning. After we've decided on our investments and other finances, there is no sense going around with a face like an owl's and a mien like a judge's. We just relax and have fun."

"No More Splurging" Say Hollywood Stars

Continued from page 17

pennies, Constance, although she lives well, is aware of the price of every purchase made in the house, and frequently goes into a huddle with the help. Indeed, both sisters keep a close tab on all food that comes in their respective houses and each must approve of the roast or whatever is to be the repast for that evening. One of the favorite stories that ran the rounds of Malibu Beach last summer told of Connie allowing her servants only ten dollars a week, to pay for all food bills. Whether this is true or not is debatable, but it is well-known that the glamorous star has shaved her expenditures to rock bottom.

Glenda Farrell's plan for purchasing clothes merits special attention. She patronizes sales at the smartest shops, and invariably takes her dressmaker with her, to see what may be done with any clothes that Glenda may wish to buy. If the dressmaker sees possibilities in a ten or fifteen dollar garment, which does not exactly suit Glenda's type when she tries it on, the actress will take that and a few other dresses. Incidentally, she budgets her clothing and never exceeds the figure she has set for herself. And Glenda's home is a modest one, rather than lavish.

Another to follow the clothes budget system is Fay Wray. While maintaining the same quality in what she purchases, she has cut down on the quantity. In Fay's case, this hasn't been such a hardship, because she has been working too steadily—yes, even in these times!—to do much stepping out.

Up until a short time ago, Neil Hamilton was one of our most enthusiastic yachtsmen. His wife, however, didn't care for the water, and Neil finally came to the conclusion the yacht was a selfish luxury. So he sold the craft and used the money to construct a swimming pool and a fine tennis court. These, he feels, will be a source of much pleasure to his family and friends during the years to come, and, incidentally, will not demand the constant outlay of funds a well-kept yacht requires.

Gloria Stuart, Universal's blonde star, discovered she was spending a considerable amount for clothes, in making the many personal appearances required of her. Being a canny young woman, she figured these appearances were in the nature of studio work, and as such the clothes she wore should be provided by the studio, just as the studio would dress her for any picture.



Dorothy Dare, whom Hollywood has recruited from Broadway. Note Dorothy's gloves.

Accordingly, she stormed the front office and talked the executives into the unheard-of idea of furnishing these clothes. Other players, now, are following Gloria's example of insisting that since personal appearances are part of their work they should be outfitted.

Recalling that parties were the means of his dissipating a near-fortune in days gone by, Slim Summerville, with a yearly income of one hundred thousand dollars, lives quietly at Laguna, about sixty miles from Hollywood, in a small beach home. When he is working in a picture, he covers the distance in a fast roadster. Between pictures, he lounges on the beach, his only entertaining being the company of a few intimate friends.

Although an extremely busy wife and mother, not to mention one of the screen's outstanding actresses, Norma Shearer still has time to interest herself in how her house is run, and holds expenditures down to a reasonable figure. Of course, in such a large household, economies are difficult, but in comparison to other homes where such wealth exists her expenses are extremely low. One way of accomplishing this is to entertain modestly.

Unlike many stars, William Powell motors everywhere in a convertible Ford coupe, which he has driven for some time.

He has, however, a larger car, but that reposes most of the time in the garage, being used only on state occasions. For years, he has lived very conservatively, and freely admits he is preparing for a rainy day. By that token, it would seem that that day then has arrived, for he is building a large home, into which he will move in the near future.

Genevieve Tobin, too, runs only a small car. She declares it seems foolish to spend much money on gasoline, when the smaller car, using a minimum of gas, suffices as well.

Because it gives her something permanent to show for her earnings, Loretta Young has put part of her money into a house. But even so, Loretta waited until she found a bargain in real estate fairly palpitating to be snapped up, before she decided to build. Without some such evidence of money saved, she believes these earnings just slip away from one and there's not much to display as a result. Which, after all, is sensible, isn't it?

To help make the payments on a small house, and keep a mother and family of younger brothers and sisters, Richard Cromwell has initiated a series of economies. He no longer patronizes expensive restaurants. He has halted his practice of buying one new book each week, unless he is able to pick up a great bargain. If he feels in the mood for travel, he takes short excursions rather than lengthy trips. And even though he needs things for his home, he refuses to make a single purchase until the cash in full is in hand. He buys nothing on credit.

Instead of keeping up an expensive apartment or Beverly Hills mansion, Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton, have invested in a ranch. The small amount required to keep this place running smoothly is their only expenditure, since neither cares for parties or going out. The rest of their money is invested safely in bonds. In addition to acting, Ann writes music and Leslie writes stories, and the returns they receive for these side-endeavors are put away with whatever is left over from household expenses.

Many of the stars and players have curtailed all expensive living. Louise Fazenda, with a number of other Malibu residents, left her beach home practically unopened this past year. Zasu Pitts sold her large house and moved into a small, unassuming bungalow. Robert Young reduced his rent considerably by taking a house without servant quarters and employing a cook who comes at noon and leaves after dinner. Mary Brian is another who has solved her servant problem thusly. The salary of this servant, too, is exactly one-half that of one who remains twenty-four hours a day.

June Knight, in common with numerous theatrical people, is superstitious. She always has steadfastly refused to wear any dress again in which she had experienced hard luck. Becoming practical-minded, she dyes the dress, now, and eventually will probably break herself of the superstition.

Helen Vinson, despite her air of sophistication, loves to knit and personally fashions all the knitted articles she needs, while Dorothy Burgess, the battling gal of the screen, through her knowledge of art—she studied under the direction of George Bellows, in New York—has made all the smaller decorations in her apartment.

Hollywood has become inundated by the economy wave. Everyone is out to save as much as possible, even though many earn more money now than they made during their days of reckless spending.



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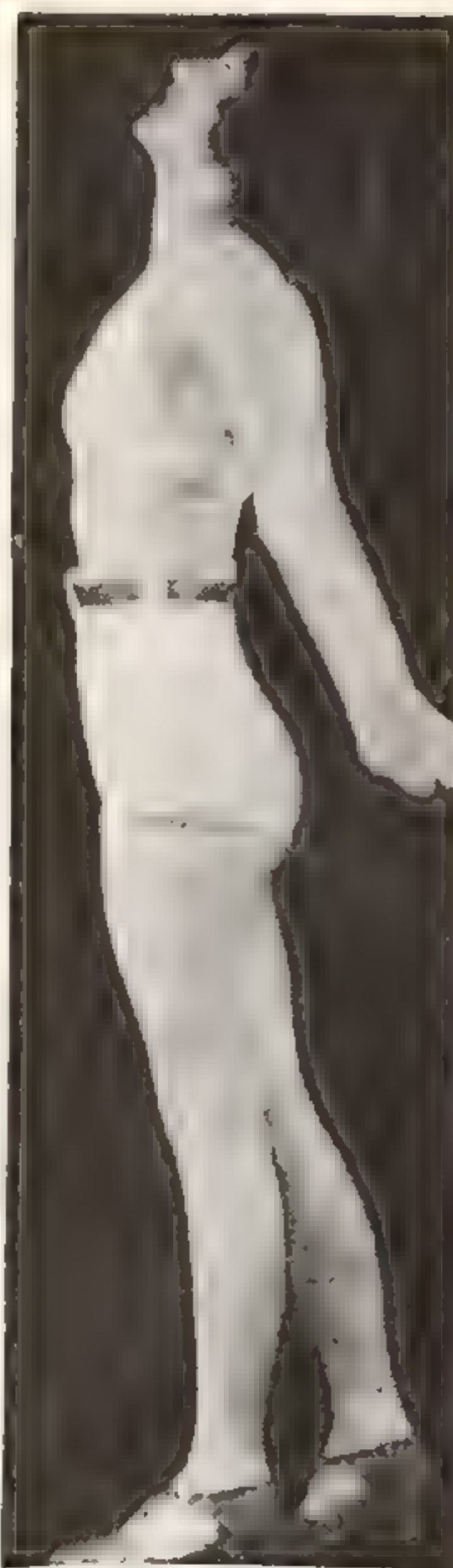


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The perfume is French, just brought to this country and introduced here this fall. The modern French bottle is a gem. The case containing the bottle is royal blue,

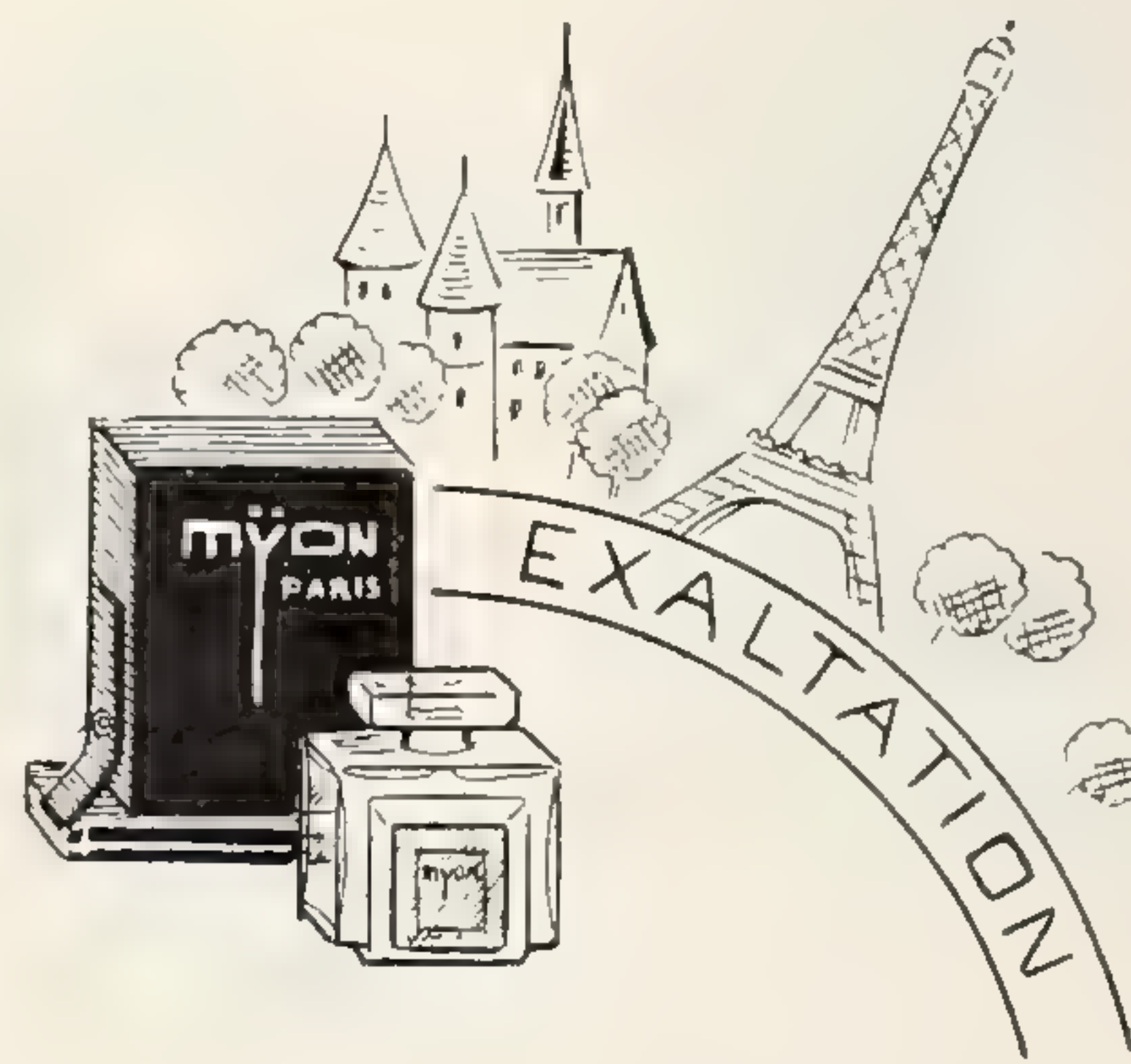
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and flowers, marvelous for strained eyes, or puffiness; and eye-astringent, which keeps the skin firm and helps prevent little lines from doing their worst.

The kit itself is a dear! It is shining silver, edged with blue. Whether or not the clear silvery shine is meant to indicate that it will make your eyes sparkle, we wouldn't know. But we are sure that the contents properly used will have exactly this effect. The four preparations are packed snugly, convenient and ready for instant use.

Miss Quinlan also has some eye-exercises which do wonders for tired eyes, and add life and sparkle in addition to keeping the skin smooth. We will be glad to send them to you, if you like. Keep your eyes bright and beautiful, and they will bring you luck!

Radio Parade

Continued from page 58



Rowene Williams who will be Dick Powell's leading lady in the new series of broadcasts.

picture will be a success—hope it will show me to advantage, I mean, for I think the picture is certain to register. There is a fine cast, the script was good—though, frankly, had I seen the script before I went out there I'd never have gone, because it didn't seem to me that it gave me enough to do. We built it up after I arrived at the studio, and I'm just hoping now!"

Hollywood, Benny says, has improved considerably since he last was there—that is, in the organization and technique of making talkies. You may recall he was the Master of Ceremonies in "Hollywood Revue of 1929," which was the daddy of the screen musical revues. After that Benny did two other pictures and then returned to vaudeville.

About two and a half years ago he went on the air, and pioneered in bringing everybody—orchestra leader, singers, and others on the program into the "play" of the comedy. He claims no honors as inventor for that, though the idea is now generally popular with radio comedians—Benny says he "used to bring in all the people in my vaudeville acts, and did the same when I started radio, the audience likes that style."

Like many of the outstanding comedians, Jack Benny is far more practical than he is theoretical about how to make people laugh. He began as a violinist in the orchestra of a vaudeville theatre in Waukegan, Illinois.

"When the house closed," he recalled, "I decided to do an act myself, played the fiddle."

The comedy work came later, by degrees, until now Benny admits that he can only just about play the fiddle, so long has he neglected it for straight comedy.

He agrees with you when you remark that it seems all the leading comedians become good showmen as a result of long association with the theatre rather than through suddenly developing a comedy line and then taking it into the theatre—Will Rogers began as a "dumb" show throwing a lariat, Joe Cook did a juggling act—played it at the Waukegan theatre while Benny was playing fiddle in the pit—

But our subject of the interview is beginning to yawn again; let's go before we have to lift him to the divan and spread a coverlet over his snoozing form. We've gotten all the answers we wanted anyway. So so-long, Mr. Benny, pleasant dreams!

Either Dick Powell, or the sponsor of his new radio series—or was it Columbia Broadcasting System—decided to comb the entire country, and parts of Canada, for the girl who is to play the lead in the air shows opposite the singing movie star.

At any rate, girls all over the country, (20,000 of them, the sponsors of the contest aver), competed in radio trials for the honor—and the remuneration of \$500 per week—of playing opposite Dick Powell in the "Hollywood Hotel" broadcasts.

All this simmered down to a finals contest in New York, when twelve girls, winners in the zones into which the country was partitioned, assembled in an audition room and sang and read lines under the designation of a number.

After listening to all twelve finalists, the judges named their winner. She proved to be Rowene Williams, blonde, plumpish, 26-year old entrant from the Chicago zone.

So to Hollywood goes Miss Williams to make her debut as a network performer. The star she plays lead to started on the road to fame singing "Shuffle Off to Buffalo." Rowene started toward singing fame by shuffling off from Buffalo—that's where she was born, but her parents took her to Minneapolis. Notable is the fact that Miss Williams never studied music anywhere but right in Minneapolis, and became a member of the Minneapolis Civic Opera Company, with which she sang for three years. This summer Rowene went to Chicago, seeking stage and radio work. She arrived there just in time to hear about the contest.

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Tomorrow's Stars

Continued from page 57

find that he is American-born, but won much of his experience on the English stage. He has worked opposite such stars as Helen Menken, Helen Hayes, Cyril Maude, Jane Cowl, and others. His first screen rôle was with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "Merely Mary Ann." Do you remember him? Recently you may have seen him in "Now I'll Tell" and "Little Man, What Now?" If not, look for him in "Servants' Entrance." Huntley is six feet, one-half inch tall, weighs 170 pounds, and has hazel eyes and brown hair.

When you see Roger Pryor in Mae West's new picture, you'll understand why Universal executives are "Pryor-crazy." They think he's destined to be the biggest thing since Valentino. He comes of the stage. It was he who was co-featured on Broadway in "Modern Virgin," the play that introduced Margaret Sullivan to New York. His first motion picture was "Moonlight and Pretzels," which was followed by "I Like It That Way." In addition to the Mae West picture, you may soon see Pryor in "Wake Up and Dream." He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has dark, curly hair and deep brown eyes.

Lois January, Jane Wyatt, Anne Darling, Lee Crowe, and Douglas Fowley are others of Universal's hopefuls. Anne Darling is "an darling." She makes her first screen appearance in "There's Always Tomorrow." Watch for a refreshing, American girl about five feet four inches tall, with large blue eyes and brown hair. She'll identify herself with a most charming smile. That girl is Anne!

Miss January is as warmly attractive as the month of June. She has had little to do as yet, but she has made her small parts stand out in such pictures as "I Like It That Way," "By Candlelight," "Only Yesterday" and "Madame Spy." Lois is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 117 pounds, (or knows the reason why not), has blue-grey eyes and dark brown hair. Call her "Queenie"; that is her nickname.

Jane Wyatt is somewhat remindful of Margaret Sullivan type—quietly charming; hazel eyes; five feet and four inches tall, and possessed of dark brown hair which she invariably combs straight back from her forehead. As this is written, she has been summoned from the New York stage by Universal officials; has played the ingénue lead in "One More River," and has been signed to a long-term contract.

Crowe and Fowley complete the Universal group. The former, a Canadian by birth, traveled in vaudeville before he worked his way to the New York stage, after which he joined stock companies for experience in acting. He was with a stock company in Ann Arbor, Michigan, when he was seen by a movie scout and signed to a film contract. His first picture is "Romance In the Rain." Crowe is five feet, ten inches tall, and has brown hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion.

Fowley, a five-foot-eleven-incher with brown eyes and dark hair, played a bit in "Let's Talk It Over"—and was immediately signed to a contract by Carl Laemmle, Jr., Universal's general manager. At the time, he was living in a tent on an empty lot, because living was cheaper that way. At this writing, he is waiting for his first important assignment, which studio officials have promised him.

Goodness, we were about to leave the studio without meeting "Baby Jane!" She has just been taken unto contract. Baby Jane is three years of age, and if Universal officials have guessed correctly,

she'll be Shirley Temple's potential rival very soon. Jane's real name is Juanita Quigley, but Universal believes in brevity for electric lights—so Baby Jane she is!

And now, jump on the magic rug! Back we go over the mountains! Down we drop, to the Gower Street entrance of the Columbia Studios! Once designated scornfully as an "independent," Columbia is today of ranking importance among the foremost producing organizations.

What an interesting collection of youth and charm awaits us at Columbia! Ann Sothorn, Florence Rice, Fred Keating, Billie Seward, Sheila Manners, Geneva Mitchell, Inez Courtney, and others. Let us meet them singly.

Ann Sothorn needs little introduction. "Let's Fall in Love," "Party's Over," "Melody In Spring" and "Blind Date" have presented you with many pleasing views of Ann. You'll see her opposite Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions."

Miss Sothorn was known to the New York stage by the name, Harriette Lake. On Broadway, her five feet, one and one-half inch of feminine pulchritude, topped by her laughing grey eyes and restless blonde hair, brought her quick success. Pictures naturally ensued. Ann is already well along the road to stardom.

Fred Keating is a six foot-one inch Irish-Spaniard with brown hair and black-brown eyes. He was co-starred on the stage with Tallulah Bankhead, Hope Williams, and other fine actresses. He does not: (1) like Hollywood, (2) enjoy sports and games, and (3) he has no favorite screen players.

Keating makes his screen début in "The Captain Hates the Sea." See him, ladies, but don't fall in love with him, because he isn't married, doesn't want to be, and intends not to be.

Five feet and two inches, 105 pounds, red-haired, blue-eyes, petite and vivacious. That's Sheila Manners! She turns to acting naturally, for her mother was Corinne Grant, once well known on the screen with Ruth Roland.

Sheila was born in Santa Barbara, California, and she traces her ancestry back to Robert Fulton, of Hudson river steamboat fame. Like Fulton, Miss Manners has determination. Perhaps you saw her in "Daddy Long Legs" with Janet Gaynor, or in some of those Western pictures with Hoot Gibson or Tom Tyler. If not, then you may meet Sheila in "That's Gratitude" and "The Merry Widow."

Florence Rice, a rather tall, (five feet, four and one-half inches), blonde with blue eyes, is a daughter of Grantland Rice, famous sports authority. Like many newcomers of today, she hails from Broadway, where she appeared in "June Moon," "Once In a Lifetime" and other plays.

She answers to the nickname, "Flossy," and for years she and Phillips Holmes have been reported to be in love. You'll meet Miss Rice in her début picture, "The Captain Hates the Sea."

Inez Courtney's comedy antics have brightened innumerable pictures. It is nice that she has at last won a contract, and will be given opportunities to develop. You may know Inez; she is the five foot, four inch, auburn-haired girl with the green, (yes, green), eyes, who appeared in "Loose Ankles," "Sonny," "Hot Heiress" and "Big City Blues."

Now meet the girl who will wed director-actor Lowell Sherman any old day. She is Geneva Mitchell, once a Ziegfeld

showgirl, now a comely comer in the movies. She has been in Hollywood for several years, but only recently has she commenced a really important forward stride. Geneva is five feet, five inches in height, she weighs 118 pounds, and she has blue eyes and red-brown hair. See her in "I Am Suzanne," "Springtime for Henry" and "The World Gone Mad."

Next we come to a group of charming ladies—Barbara Reed, Patricia Garon, Allyn Drake, and Billie Seward. Barbara is the "baby" of the Columbia lot. She is just sixteen—a very sweet sixteen, too. She is five feet, two inches tall and she weighs exactly one hundred pounds. Her eyes are blue, and her hair is light brown. Much taller, is Billie Seward, (five feet, five inches). Billie weighs 120 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. She came to Hollywood from New York musical comedy, and she has already appeared in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," "One Night of Love" and other pictures. Her newest and biggest opportunity is in "Among the Missing."

Patricia Garon is five feet three inches tall, and weighs 120 pounds. She has grey eyes and dark brown hair. She, too, came from the stage. The last of the Columbia lady-contractees is Allyn Drake, five feet and three inches of lovely Norse beauty, which means blue eyes and blonde hair. Allyn weighs 109 pounds. She appeared in several New York revues.

Next we will greet a group of six young gentlemen in whom Columbia stores great faith. Their names are John Buckler, James Blakely, George Murphy, Charles Sabin, and Robert Allen. The publicity department at Columbia avers that Sabin is "another Valentino." The comparison is puzzling, because Sabin has blue eyes, fair skin, and light brown hair. He is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs 145 pounds. You may soon see him in "By Persons Unknown" and "That's Gratitude." As for George Murphy, the physical description that fits Sabin also pictures Murphy. He comes from the New York stage, where he shone in "Shoot the Works," "Hold Everything," and "Roberta." George makes his movie debut in "Treasure Island."

James Blakely, of New York society and wealthy, chose a movie career when he might have loafed through life. He is along the Robert Montgomery pattern—six feet tall, slender, blue eyes and dark brown hair. He buds out as an actor in "The Captain Hates the Sea." The remaining three youngsters, Richard Heming, John Buckler, and Robert Allen, are recent Columbia additions. Allen may be familiar to you, but the others probably are not. Allen worked with Colleen Moore in "Social Register" and with Leo Carrillo in "Race Track." In 1931, he wed Evelyn Peirce, a former Wampas Baby Star.

Last stop is Radio Pictures Studio. This company has a policy of "borrowing" stars, or making use of free-lance players, rather than controlling its own stock company. Therefore, you will meet only a few newcomers at Radio.

In fact, there are but eight, including Pert Kelton and Sidney Fox, who certainly are not newcomers but who are still listed by the studio as "coming bets."

In case you don't remember Pert, she is the unique-voiced, pertly, (no pun), pretty girl who practically stole a picture called "Bed of Roses" away from Constance Bennett. Prior to that, she made her screen debut in "Sally." Other more recent of her pictures are "Sing and Like It" and "Wanted."

Miss Kelton is five feet six inches tall, and she weighs 112 pounds. Her hair is

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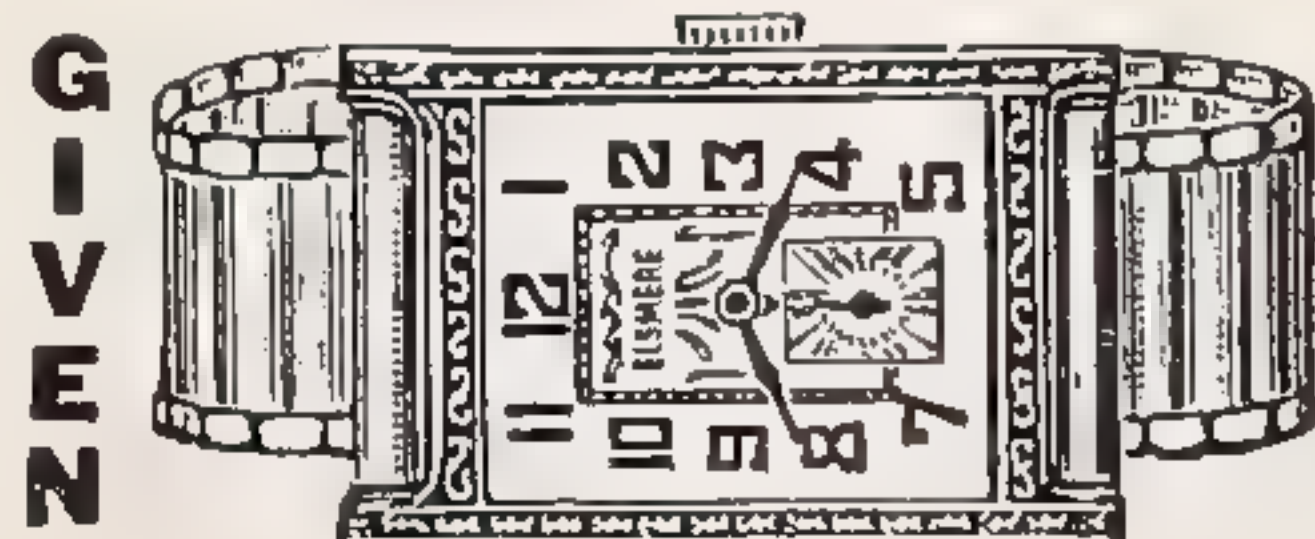
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brown; her eyes are hazel. She is unmarried, and anxious to find the right man—but no experiments; he must be the right one. Pert is both intelligent and clever. She manages her own business affairs, including a hotel which belongs to her.

Sidney Fox was once under contract to Universal, where she was practically a star. She left that company to become the wife of writer Charles Beahan. She is still Mrs. Beahan, despite several threatened divorce actions. Now that she is working again, Sidney seems happier, and perhaps her home life will reflect her general current happiness. She has just finished a feature rôle in "Down To Their Last Yacht."

Sidney is a tiny mite—just under five feet tall, and barely able to tip the scales to 98 pounds. She has brown bobbed hair, and deep brown eyes.

Steffi Duna made her picture début as Francis Lederer's Eskimo-wife in "Man of Two Worlds"—and for a long time there have been whisperings that she may one day become Lederer's real-life wife. Her performance in her first picture won Steffi a contract with Radio Pictures Studio. She appeared most recently in "La Cucaracha." Miss Duna is Hungarian by birth. She is five feet and two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has black hair and vividly dark eyes.

Tom Brown is another who needs no introduction. Barely out of his 'teens, Brown is one of the studio's most promising players. He was placed under contract by Radio after his fine performance opposite Jean Parker in "Wild Birds." His latest picture is "Judge Priest," in which he romances with his real-life sweetheart, Anita Louise.

Brown is a husky chap of five feet, nine inches, and 155 pounds. His eyes are blue, and his hair medium brown. He was born of stage folk—his father was an actor-producer and his mother an actress. Tom made his stage début at the age of six months.

Julie Haydon looks so much like Ann Harding that she was cast to play Ann's daughter in "The Conqueror." She has been under contract to RKO ever since, but has been given permission to appear in several stage plays in order to gain experience.

Julie is slender—five feet and four inches tall; 110 pounds. Her eyes are blue and her hair is ash-blonde. She is a fine musician, paints and designs beautifully, and has a charming singing voice.

Now meet the studio's youngest "star of tomorrow." She is Ann Shirley. You'll recognize her more readily by the name she used as a child actress, Dawn O'Day. Studio officials changed her name recently because there are several other Dawn O'Days in the theatrical world.

Dawn—er, Ann is sixteen years of age. Her father died when she was four, and she and her mother have experienced many hardships since then. Dawn is a brown-eyed, brown-haired minx with hazel eyes, just five feet tall to the inch.

Hazel Forbes, another of Radio's promising lights, is an extremely wealthy woman. Once a Follies girl, she married a business giant. He died and left Hazel a fortune estimated at from one to three million dollars—take your pick! Hazel is not satisfied to remain idle, so she is after a career. Her first picture rôles are in "Down To Their Last Yacht" and "Bachelor Bait."

Miss Forbes is a statuesque beauty. She is five feet and six inches tall, and weighs 123 pounds. She has blue eyes and blonde hair. She is also the possessor of one of the most beautiful figures in Hollywood.

Last and latest of Radio's newcomers is John Beal, who has recently earned a suc-

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cessful career on the New York stage. He made his picture debut in "Hat, Coat, Glove." Beal first visited Hollywood two years ago, when he was engaged by a local theatre to play his original New York rôle in "Another Language." At that time he received movie offers, but rejected them because he wanted more stage experience. His last stage success before he did come to Hollywood was in "She Loves Me Not." John is five feet, eleven inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. He has brown

eyes, brown hair, and photographs well. That's all, folks! This concludes our tour of Hollywood. We have visited every studio, during this series of articles, and if you began reading these stories five months ago, you have now been introduced to the majority of Hollywood's young starlets.

Two or three or more years hence, many of these young players will have reached screen stardom. Watch for that, and you may have the satisfaction of saying, "I knew you when!"

The New Sophisticate of the Screen

Continued from page 19

Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert and Connie Bennett and dozens of others have that cute little trick of glove-tight dresses over the hips—simply to draw attention to their million dollar figures. But no accentuations of hips for Myrna. Until lately, no one particularly cared how Myrna dressed on the screen. Ruth Chatterton and Joan Crawford went in for heavy English accents, but not Myrna, whose all-American voice has not one single harsh or false note. It's just a natural voice.

With all of Hollywood going into hysterics over the Body Beautiful, and making the lives of hostesses miserable with their everlasting diets and green salads, Myrna quite nonchalantly picks up a pound here and there without so much as a sigh, much less a shriek, eats as she darned pleases, and exercises only when the spirit moves her.

Myrna has never carried a gardenia, married a Marquis, attended a premiere, worn her finger nails long and red, thrown a chair at the director, owned a loud automobile, worn dark-colored glasses, made an "entrance," or told the publicity department she wasn't getting enough publicity. Myrna has never been to New York, nor to Europe—dear me, she hasn't even sniffed at the Riviera—she's never been any place out of Montana and California; but when it comes to sophistication on the screen I will match her any day against Lilian Harvey, Madeleine Carroll, Connie Bennett, Marlene Dietrich and Miriam Hopkins. Oh, you can throw in Kay Francis, too. We'll still beat.

She has been smacked down more times by Hollywood than Massa Maxie smacked down Carnera, and has been tossed about from one studio to another somewhat in the manner of a football. Every time she would have a chance to play a nice American girl with good manners, along would come the curse of the Manchus again. Imagine Myrna's horror in a local theatre one night when she heard a woman back of her telling another woman that Myrna was a Chinese girl and lived next door to her laundryman!

But with it all Myrna Loy today represents the new sophisticate of the screen. She's honest and natural, no tricks, no mirrors, no *chichi*. Ask a high-school boy what a sophisticate is and he will answer that it is a person who is being honest. The post-war generation went in for honesty in a big way, and Flaming Youth took possession of the screen. Clara Bow and Alice White and Colleen Moore were all very frank about Life and Love and Sex and Legs, and the flappers thought it was all just dandy. Shriek everything you know—that was being sophisticated. And then suddenly there weren't any flappers but another "younger generation" who were equally honest and natural about everything, but who found out that Life

and Love and Sex and Legs were far more exciting if they were subtle. And so, believe it or not, dreamy reader, Myrna Loy is a subtle successor of Clara Bow. She's a modern, up to the minute sophisticate.

Mr. Van Dyke, the director of "The Thin Man" and many other successes too, is the president of our "We Want More Loy" club. Van thinks Myrna is the Best. "A strange business this," he told me on "The Thin Man" set one day. "If I went in to see Thalberg tomorrow and suggested that he let Myrna Loy play a Chinese rôle in 'The Good Earth' or 'Lime house Nights' he'd say I was crazy—plumb nuts—and order a straightjacket for me. But only three years ago the minute a producer read a script that called for a Chinese menace he sent for Myrna Loy.

"Myrna," Van continued, "is a normal, sound woman. She's a lovely actress, but she doesn't act. It just isn't in her nature to act. She just goes around being herself. And if she ever starts trying to act I'll spank her. Myrna isn't what you might call a party girl but she very often comes to my parties, swims in my pool, and has a grand time. She never gets loud, and never makes herself conspicuous, and I have never seen her give vent to a display of fireworks on my sets or anywhere. She never talks very much and in that way you don't know how much, or how little, she really knows."

Which all goes to prove that Myrna is a very smart girl.

As I said in the beginning—can you remember way back there?—when I first came to Hollywood I wouldn't have bothered to turn my head to look at Myrna Loy. I was too busy turning it to look at Marlene Dietrich. But when I found out that I could do a story about Myrna last week, I lost no time in making arrangements to see her. Myrna was working in the newest Frank Capra picture, "Broadway Bill"—which is something right now in Hollywood with every actor and actress doing nip-ups and pretzel-twirls trying to get a crack at a Frank Capra production. And Myrna was on a ranch doing a stable sequence. And it was 116 on the ranch, and smelled like horses, and it was dirty, and there were flies. But I who love my comfort and my Christmas Night lost no time in hying myself out to see Myrna.

When I first met Myrna "in the flesh" she was sitting in her make-shift dressing room. Bare-legged. The perspiration flowing down her face and back.

"The new sophisticate of the screen," I said, and Myrna smiled. In that heat she wasn't going to put on any act for me.

"I'm afraid the joke's on you," she said. "You've probably come straight from 'The Thin Man.' In 'Broadway Bill' I wear dungarees almost throughout the entire picture. I'm a noble girl and like horses.

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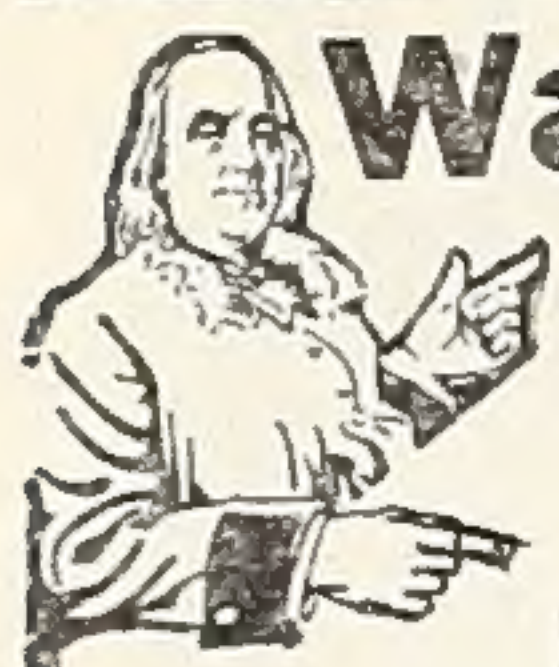
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Here's a paper to hit the flies with. How long do you think we can live in this heat?"

I may say I managed to live exactly half an hour—but I don't know how I managed. When I rose to go, a red dress of Myrna's, which I had been leaning against, was all over the back of my white one. I don't think the stain will come out. I have something to remember Myrna by. But in all that heat, and all that smell, and all that décolleté, Myrna still had her glamor. And glamor at 116 in the shade is really something to get excited about. I was all for getting Myrna excited over it, too, but Myrna said she was too busy mopping perspiration and swatting flies, and wouldn't I rather interview her some time when it was cool and there were burning logs in the fireplace and we could have tea. Myrna is a smart girl—she never gives an interview today she can put off until tomorrow!

She Had to Come Back

Continued from page 31

the transition from silents into talkies with flying colors. Probably the most accurate guess is that her beginning in slapstick comedies was less impressive to the studios than the Broadway backgrounds of the New York stage imports. At any rate three years ago, strangely, came a gradual slowing down. She was called for less and less parts.

"For nine months I heard nothing from Mr. Levee. And then he arranged for me to do a bit in 'Wonder Bar.'" A bit for Fazenda, who still was receiving voluminous fan mail, and who was identified by countless film-lovers as an integral figure in the Hollywood panorama! It is almost unbelievable, but the script provided only four lines for her!

An experienced trouser needs just a fighting chance. I recollect when, after Louise had started slipping, she refused to compete for a fine part in order that another actress, to whom the job was more imperative, would get it. That incident will never be publicized. However, Louise owes a debt of gratitude to Ruth Donnelly and she is anxious publicly to thank Ruth for her kind deed.

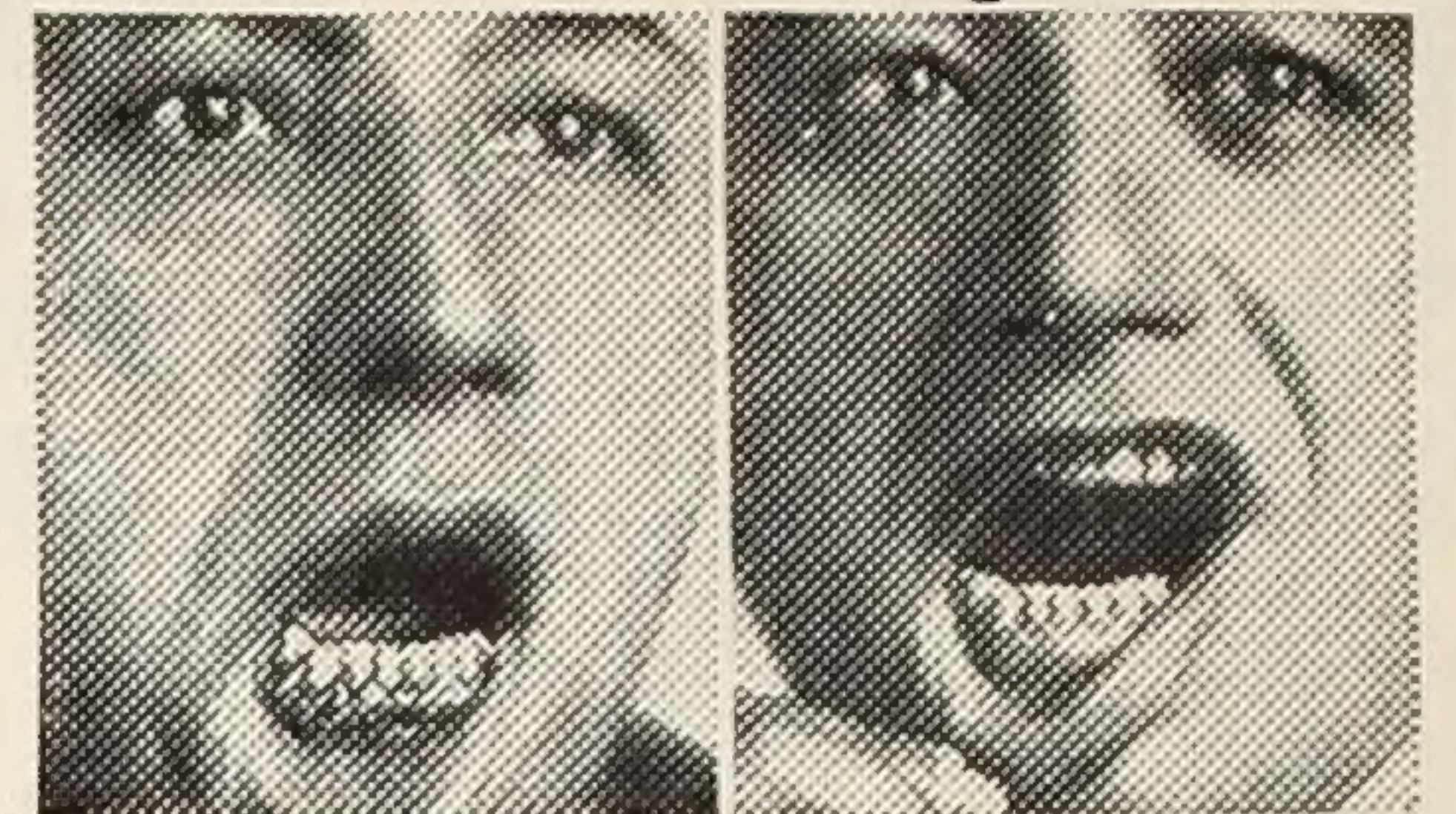
"You will remember," says Louise, "that Ruth Donnelly and I worked together throughout our scenes in 'Wonder Bar.' I'd never met her before, but as we walked onto the set on the first day, she turned to me and said, 'Look here. My character is the one that has stand-out possibilities. I'm under contract and you aren't. You need a break, so we'll switch parts!'"

They did and this will be the first time anyone else besides the scenarist knows they did!

Louise's natural wit makes her an expert at ad-libbing. It didn't take the director long to sense that she could add much to his picture. It was cluttered up with glamorous stars, but he recognized that her individual comedy touches would be a great asset. None of her lines was written for her! They started the cameras grinding and Louise said whatever popped into her mind as apropos. This spontaneous humor had everyone in gales of laughter during production.

There isn't an ounce of conceit in Louise. I was at her home most of the day preceding the Hollywood premiere of "Wonder Bar." She assured me, and she believed her words, that it was merely another bit and wouldn't mean a thing. That

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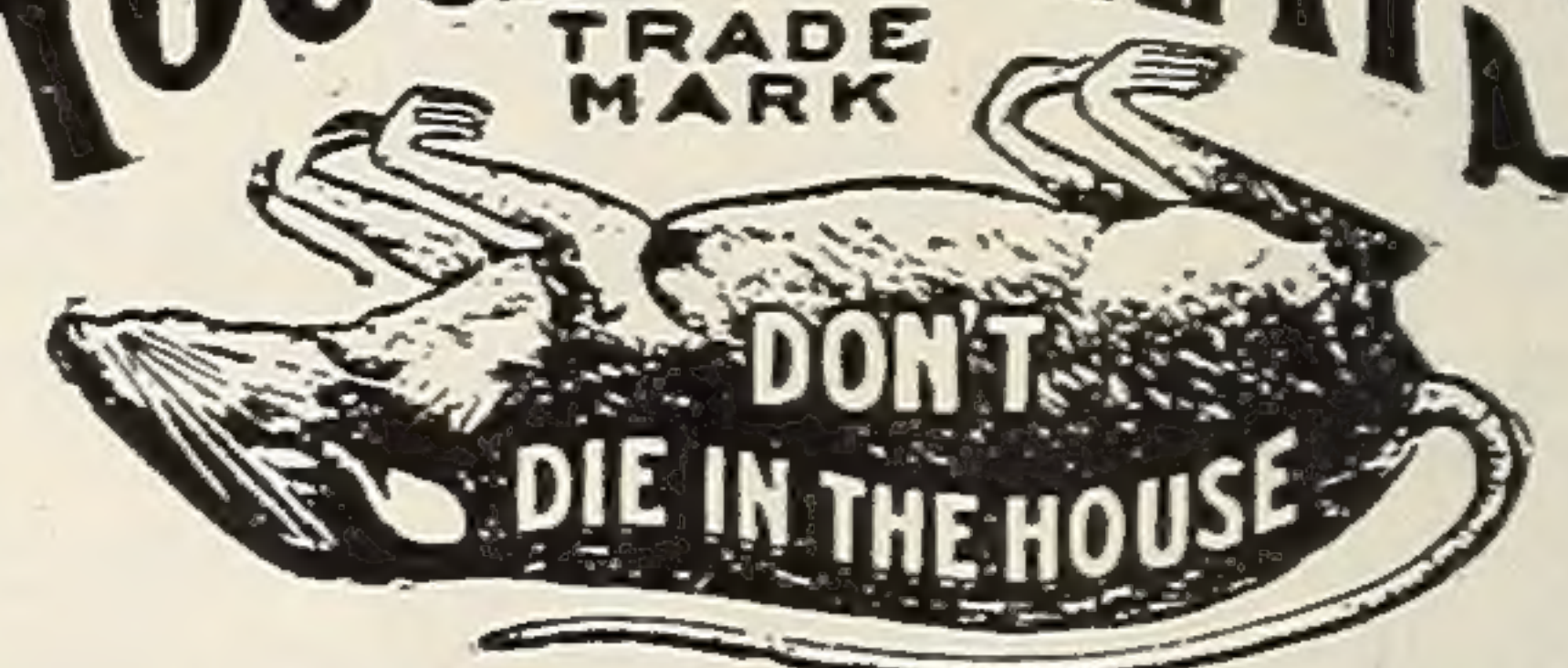
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evening she went, disconsolate, to the opening; it was the first time she'd seen herself on the screen in seven years! And she stole the show. Next day three major studios offered her excellent rôles. M-G-M's contract was most enticing, so she chose them.

Her new employers, aware of what she did with that slim opportunity and of what she can do with a real chance, asked for time to prepare the story in which she is currently being co-starred with Leo Carrillo. While waiting for the special script, they loaned her to Fox for the comedy rôle in "Caravan," and allowed her five weeks off for a quick vacation jaunt to Europe with her husband.

The most unusual aspect of Louise's situation in Hollywood is that she never has capitalized on her husband's possible influence.

When she and Hal Wallis married six years ago, they agreed that they would share mutual interests and their private life, but that each was to go on working independently. While Louise is innately a homemaker, she has stood on her own feet since she was sixteen and wants always to do so.

At the time of their marriage she was clicking steadily. Hal Wallis was publicity head at a major studio. Now he is in active charge of production there, a foremost executive. But never once has Louise let her career and his business duties overlap.

When jobs began to slow down three years ago, she was offered alluring stage engagements. A Broadway producer wanted to star her in one of the biggest standard musical revues. Easily she could have proved that she was equal to any established stage "name." She declined, not wishing to leave her husband for an entire winter. Personal appearance tours were the vogue; she was offered \$3,500 a week to tour the East. She headlined for three weeks and, homesick, quit and returned to Hollywood and Hal.

"Every time I hit a low spot I learn later that it was for the best," she stated to me the other day in reviewing her life. Whatever hurt was caused by the slump in her career was more than balanced by the joy which came to her. She became a mother. For a year she forgot about acting and devoted herself to this long-dreamed-of personal rôle. Today Brent Wallis, a blue-eyed, blond youngster, is sixteen months old and the apple of his proud parents' eyes.

So, as Louise contends, Fate seems to rule her life. Disappointments eventually evolve into something more wonderful than she ever anticipated.

Her being in pictures at all is a pertinent illustration of how her life has been charted contrary to her expectations. Born on the banks of the Wabash, on her grandmother's farm near Lafayette, Indiana, she was brought to Los Angeles by her parents, as a baby. She was the only child.

Coming from conservative non-theatrical stock, her parents found Los Angeles no bed of roses. They ran a little general store and Louise worked in all her spare time.

"I used to drive the delivery wagon," she reminisces gleefully. "We had a one-eyed horse who couldn't see where he was heading on one side, so I invariably had to go around two blocks to get around one!"

The racial strains in Louise indicate the complexity of her character. Her four grandparents were each of a different nationality! "I'm French, Spanish, Portugese and Italian!" she explains, "and yet most people presume I'm Irish or Swedish." Her father was born in Mexico.

He spoke eight languages fluently and was a brilliant man who never had opportunities. He died a year ago, his old age

made happy by Louise's thoughtfulness. She saw that he travelled all over the world. Her mother, a white-haired, patrician lady of seventy-eight, lives in the comfortable Los Angeles home Louise has long maintained for her.

"School-teaching ran in the blood and I was slated to be a school-ma'am." She graduated from high school at sixteen, with high marks. Stanford was her goal. But in those days girls didn't work their way through Stanford. When she discovered this, Louise determined to earn enough in Los Angeles to finance her college course. She had it mapped out; she would major in chemistry and English.

A woman residing in the same building as the Fazendas suggested that Louise come along with her and seek a job as an extra. The chance to make some money was all Louise wished; it was as good an idea as any. She went that day—and a whole new world opened to her.

Her rise was gradual; success didn't come as a snap. Lacking the flamboyant beauty particularly necessary then, she found herself thrust into comedies. No one at first, including herself, suspected that she would acquire international fame.

Frequently she is asked how she gets her marvelous characterizations. The answer is simple: she is a born mimic with a super-sense of the absurd, and she copies actuality, heightening it with her own interpretation. She observes women and their funny little quirks. Mannerisms stick in her mind and she has an inexhaustible supply of them.

And now I reach the crux of my story. Why is she the most interesting woman in Hollywood? Because she, more than any other film actress, is a complete personality!

You have never seen the real Louise Fazenda on the screen, and you never will. The camera catches only her comical side. I am sure, though, that as you've glimpsed her jollity you have felt that there is a lot more to her. There certainly is. She is "most interesting" because she has lived the full life, tackling every phase courageously. The result is that she has emerged enriched by experience, a woman of infinite charm.

Whatever your problem, Louise can match it and advise you from her own experiences. She is at home in practically any situation because, at one time or another, Fate has forced her to face nearly every exigency.

You see her done up in fantastic costumes and make-up; personally, of course, she is genuinely attractive. She invariably wears wigs in pictures; her own hair is a rich auburn blonde, worn long and in loose waves. She has particularly beautiful teeth and a smile that would warm the coldest heart. Her eyes are grey and mirror her mood of the moment. The strength of her hands reveals that hers has been a life of activity and that she has never hesitated when there has been someone to help.

"I have changed in that I no longer plan my future," she confesses. "It's never done me any good to, anyway! I think we all really have about the same amount of jolts and joy, wherever we are and at whatever we work. My home and baby and this new screen opportunity will keep me busy, and I'm immensely grateful that I have them!"

Zasu Pitts informs me that her chief ambition is to do a picture with Louise, and the desire is reciprocated. Until then, we shall be waiting eagerly for your co-starring film with Leo Carrillo, Louise! M-G-M's calling it "The Winning Ticket" and we hope it's just that. Meanwhile, we Fazenda fan-atics say Aloha and you know what it means—that we like you more than we can tell, and that we wish peace, and health, and happiness to you!

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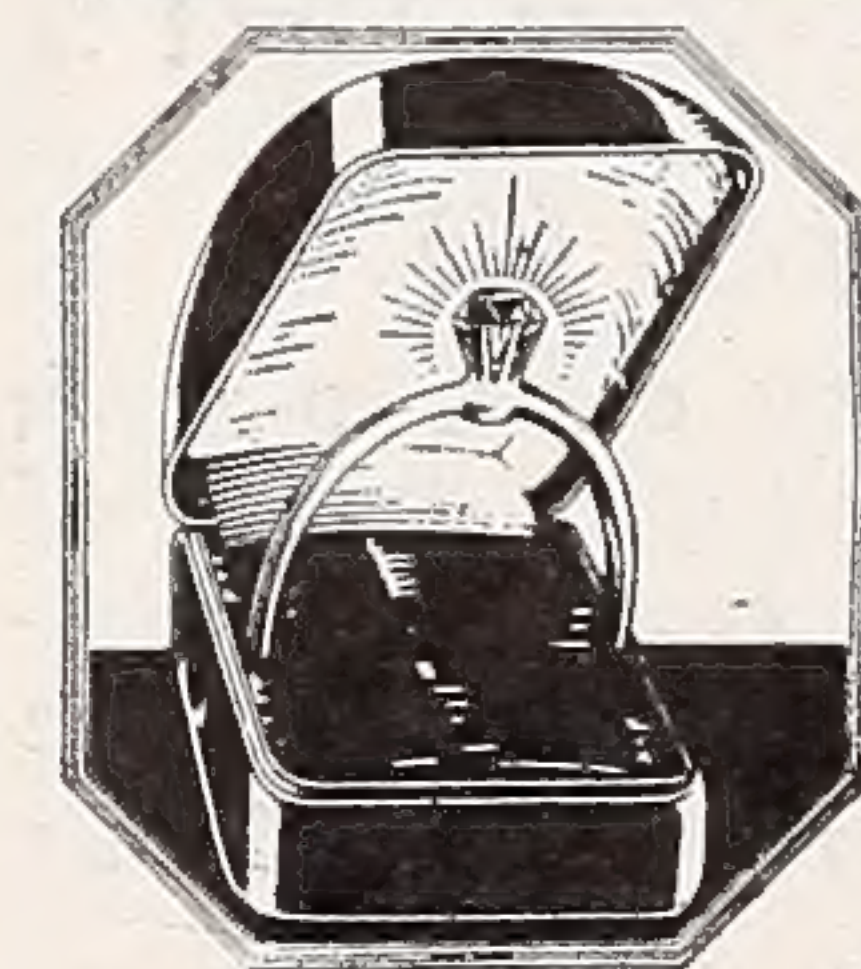
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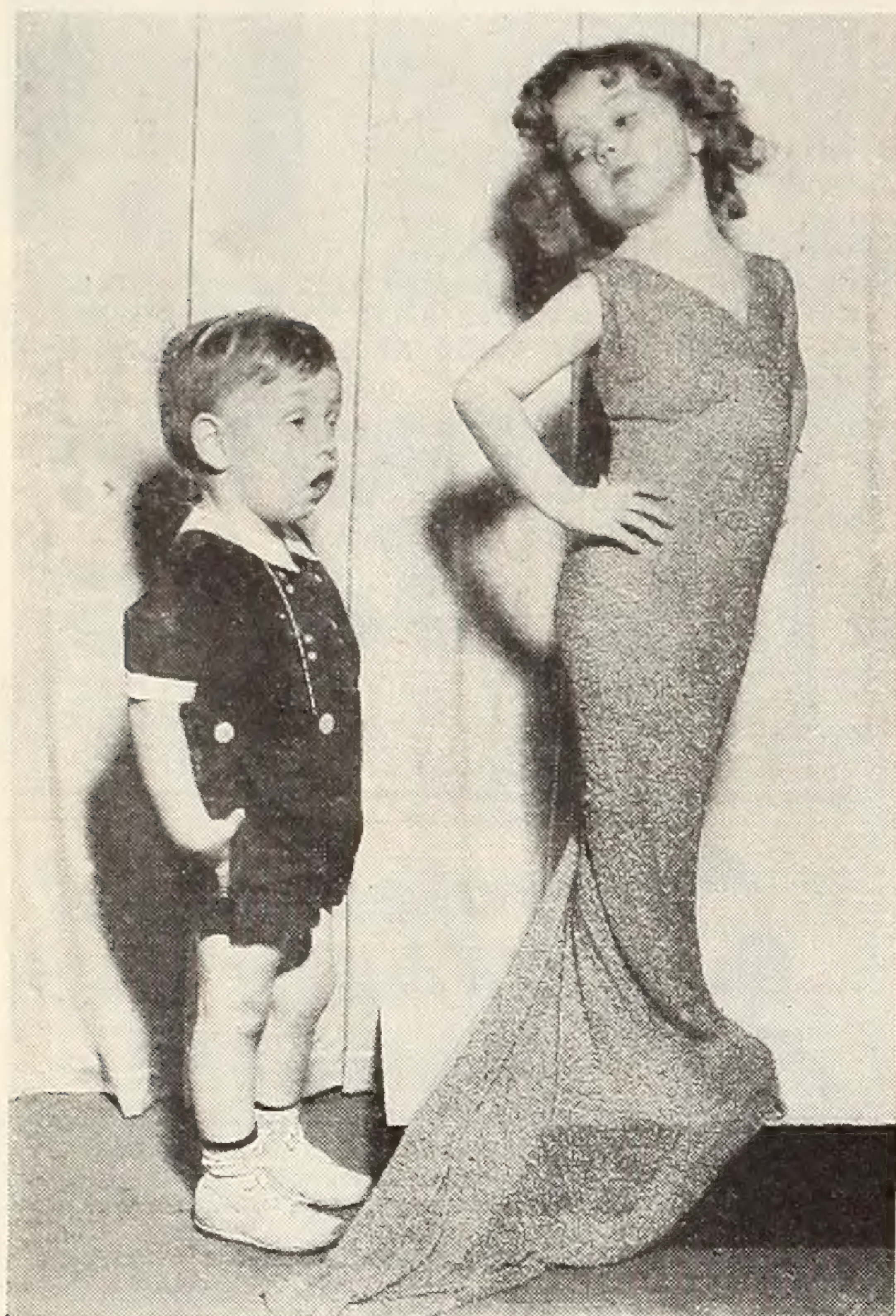
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Ladies in waiting! Kathleen Howard, Diana Wynyard, and Mrs. Pat Campbell make a fuss over "Moonbeam," Mrs. Campbell's pet, as they await a call to the set.



Practice makes perfect! Fred Astaire, Erik Rhodes, Director Mark Sandrich, and Alice Brady seem to enjoy rehearsing a number for the film in which Fred will star.



He's had a busy day! Baby LeRoy is that tired he yawns even though Shirley Temple does out-West Mae!

(Continued from page 67)

LEW AYRES has a very down-to-earth way of enjoying the simpler things of life. Instead of attending Hollywood parties and social events, he may usually be found at a bowling alley, or at a ping-pong court.

The other night he visited a ping-pong court, and finding no one else to play with, he challenged a fifteen-year-old kid. Now Lew is one of Hollywood's best players, but this youngster won every game.

As Lew paid for rent of table, paddles and balls, the cashier smilingly informed him that his boy-opponent was the "champion of Los Angeles."

WONDER if Constance Bennett knows about this? Connie employs as her chauffeur a husky, ebony-colored negro who is a popular figure in Los Angeles' darktown section.

One day Irene Dunne was talking to her own chauffeur, and in the conversation it came out that Miss Bennett's driver is known to his associates by the nickname "the Marquis."

Of course, you all know that Connie's husband is the Marquis De La Falais.

AFINE big movie close-up to Robert Woolsey, for befriending three baby mocking-birds.

The feathered fledglings dwelt in a nest in a tree just outside of Woolsey's studio dressing-room. While making up one day, Bob noticed that no mamma bird came to feed the babes. He secured a ladder, and investigated. Then for two weeks he became a "stand-in" for the missing mamma bird, feeding the youngsters until they were able to go out and make their own way.



Tells all! Anne Shirley leaves after her first interview since being signed to play "Anne of Green Gables."

THE Crosby twins, Dennis Michael and Phillip Lang, are squawling lustily, and give every evidence of joining up with the other Crosby baby, Gary Evan, to form a trio, years hence.

One of the twins, Phillip Lang, was named by Bing in memory of Eddie Lang. Eddie, fans of Crosby will recall, was not only the Crooner's best friend, but for several years he was guitar-accompanist every time Crosby sang for stage or radio.

TWO movie actors were the soloists-sensations of the recent Hollywood Bowl Concert season; they were Grace Moore and Nelson Eddy. . . . When autograph-hunters approach Gene Raymond, he demands signatures in return; he has a collection of autographed hair-ribbons, snapshots, and other knick-knacks second to none. . . . Speaking of autographs, a small boy entered Myrna Loy's parked car to await her return; he went to sleep there, and Myrna drove half-way to her beach home before she discovered her passenger. . . . Fay Wray collects cut-outs of herself from all her pictures, she has a ten-reel assemblage of footage that might have been left on the cutting-room floor. . . . Fifi D'Orsay, peering at the goldfish in her pond, fell in head-first; she was stunned by the fall and had to be "saved" by her husband. . . . Maurice Chevalier didn't stay in America for the premiere of "The Merry Widow;" a contract for a picture in London prevented. . . . So elaborate are some of the offices of manager-agents, a prominent New York business man entered such an office to "make a deposit;" he thought he was entering a bank.



Alice Faye and her mother pose for a close-up! Alice is soon to be co-starred with Jimmy Dunn.